

## THE SHAMROCK

THE return of March, and with it the feast which is celebrated throughout the Christian world wherever Irishmen are congregated with a unanimity and enthusiasm hardly, if at all, second to those of which the Church has secured universal observance, suggests that it may be worth while to bring together some account of the plant which, by popular tradition, has become indissolubly associated with St. Patrick and with the country whose apostle he was. It might be thought that on such a subject there can be nothing new to say—everyone knows how St. Patrick illustrated by the Shamrock, with its triple leaves, the doctrine of the Holy Trinity: yet I think that those who, notwithstanding their preconceptions, read the following pages will admit that much of the information they contain will not only be unfamiliar, but will also possess the element of surprise.

New, in the sense of having been previously unknown, the information is not: those who are acquainted with the *Journal of the Royal Society of Antiquaries of Ireland* may remember that its sixth volume, published in 1896, contains a paper on "The Shamrock in Literature," by Nathaniel Colgan, a Dublin botanist of repute who died towards the end of 1919. But it may safely be assumed that among the readers of THE MONTH, few are familiar with the Journal in question, and, so far as I know, no one has hitherto troubled to bring before the general reader the results of Mr. Colgan's researches. This, in a necessarily condensed form, I now propose to do, adding certain items of information which have accrued to me during the many years during which Ireland and everything connected with her history and her people have been among my keenest interests. There is, indeed, a certain fitness that I should be the first to do this, in that, as will be seen later on, I was incidentally the means of directing Mr. Colgan's attention to the subject which he has so thoroughly investigated with such interesting results.

I have said that the element of surprise will not be absent; and the fact that the Shamrock first appears in literature as an article of food will, I think, justify the statement. Mr. Colgan devotes the first part of his paper to a series of extracts from sixteenth- and seventeenth-century writers, all

of which treat the Shamrock from this point of view; and it cannot fail to interest Catholics that the first appearance of the Shamrock by name in English literature is due to Blessed Edmund Campion, who, in his *History of Ireland*, written in 1569 and published in 1571, says of the people: "Sham-rotes, water cresses, and other herbes they feed upon." Lobel, a Flemish botanist who settled in London in the reign of Elizabeth, and whose name is familiar to us through the garden *Lobelia*, had in his Latin *Stirpium Adversaria Nova*, published in the previous year, referred to the use by the mere Irish ("meri Hyberniæ") of White and Purple Clover for their cakes and loaves when "they are vexed and nigh maddened with a three days hunger"; the name Shamrock, however, finds no mention. Richard Stanyhurst (1547—1618)—who, in the preface to his *Plaine and Perfect Description of Ireland* (1586), refers to his "fast friend and inward companion, Maister Edmund Campion," and states his intention of enriching his friend's work—speaks of "water-cresses, which they tearme shamrocks," thus introducing an element of confusion into the identification of the Shamrock. Mr. Colgan, however, suggests that Stanyhurst misunderstood Campion's text: certainly no one could regard water-cress as a trefoil! Edmund Spenser, in his *View of the Present State of Ireland* (written about 1595, though not published until 1633), describing the straits to which the "Irish rebels" were brought during the "late warres in Mounster," has a terrible passage:

They were broughte to such wretchedness as that any stony harte would have rued the same. Out of every corner of the woods and glinnes they came creeping foorth upon theyre handes, for theyr legges could not beare them; they looked like anatomyes of death, they spake like ghostes crying out of their graves; they did eate of the dead carrions . . . and yf they found a platte of water-cresses or sham-rokes there they flocked as to a feast.

Passages such as this, coupled with later experiences and, indeed, with those of the present day, enable one to understand the distaste of Irishmen for English rule, and give point to Newman's remark, in a too little known passage (*Historical Sketches*, iii. 257), that "it is as easy to forget injuring as it is difficult to forget having been injured."

Mr. Colgan cites passages from other early writers, show-

ing the use of the Shamrock as food, but it may be sufficient to quote his summary:

For almost a century from the date of its first appearance in literature, the Shamrock presents itself solely as a bread-stuff or food-herb of the Irish, probably only so used in times of famine or scarcity of corn. . . . There is no reason to believe that this Shamrock-food was used at any date later than 1682.

At this date, however, Shamrock finds place among ordinary food after harvest: Sir Henry Piers (*Chorographical Description of Westmeath*, published in that year) says:

Butter, new cheese, and curds and shamrocks, are the food of the meaneer sort for all this season.

It will have been noted that Lobel includes both the Purple (or Meadow) Clover (*Trifolium pratense*) and the White (or Dutch) Clover (*T. repens*) under Shamrock; and as the former certainly seems to have been so regarded by early writers, although at the present day it has no such claim, it may be well to dispose of it here. Gerard, our best known English herbalist (*Herball*, 1597), speaks of "the common meadow trefoiles, which are called in Irish shamrocks"; he gives an excellent description of *T. pratense* as "meadow trefoile," and mentions "another differing from the precedent in the colour of the flowers," which are "very white." This Mr. Colgan, probably rightly, takes as referring to the White Clover (*T. repens*), which however differs from *T. pratense* in many characters more important than the colour of the flowers. Sir James Ware (*De Hibernia*, 1654) mentions the meadow trefoil, and Henry Mundy (1680)—a strong advocate of vegetarian diet—specifically identifies it:

The Irish that nourish themselves with their shamrock (which is the purple clover) are swift of foot and of nimble strength.

This is probably the origin of the similar statement in Ray's *Historia Plantarum* (ii. 994: 1686), which attracted the notice of Linnaeus, who translated it into Latin in his *Flora Lapponica* (1737), where he follows Ray in spelling the name "Chambroch."

But the surprise with which most folk will learn that the first claim of the Shamrock to public attention was based on its use as an article of food is as nothing to that which will

follow when they are told that the legend which connects it with St. Patrick rests entirely upon tradition, of the permanence of which it is an interesting and, I think, a unique example. That the legend conveys something which actually occurred cannot reasonably be doubted; but, universally diffused as it is, and the only incident popularly associated with the Saint, it finds no place in the authentic or early lives. Father W. B. Morris, who follows the common tradition which connects the legend with St. Patrick's Easter at Tara, is

not surprised at finding that the reporters of that eventful day . . . should have omitted to mention the part that the shamrock was made to play in the great contest:<sup>1</sup>

but it is surely astonishing, and indeed appears incredible, that the incident should not appear in literature before the eighteenth century! I should have distrusted this result of my own investigations had it not been confirmed by Mr. Colgan, who finds no "allusions to the attractive legend" until "early in the eighteenth century," and hence concludes that "it seems hardly possible to concede any great antiquity to the tradition"—a position adopted by Joyce, who is quoted by Father Morris as saying that "the story must be an invention of recent times, for we find no mention of it in any of the old lives of the saint." The first reference either of us have been able to discover is that in Caleb Threlkeld's *Synopsis Stirpium Hiberniae*, published in Dublin in 1724: here, having mentioned the wearing of Shamrock on St. Patrick's Day, he continues:

It being a current Tradition, that by this Three Leafed Grass, he emblematically set forth to them the Mystery of the Holy Trinity.

Mr. Colgan quotes an amplified account of the legend from a writer in 1794, who locates the occurrence "near Wicklow": but the general consensus—traditional, like the incident itself—places it at Tara: it will be remembered that the Lorica or "Breastplate," said to have been composed by the Saint in preparation for his combat with paganism, begins with an invocation of the Blessed Trinity. Another eighteenth-century reference is quoted in *Notes and Queries*

<sup>1</sup> *Life of St. Patrick*, p. 191 (ed. 5).

for 1864 from a note on a poem called "The Koran" (1770)—attributed to Laurence Sterne, but really by Richard Griffith—which states that:

St. Patrick, the Irish patron, was canonized for illustrating the Trinity by comparison of a Shamrock (!).

Whatever claims other plants may have had in the past to be regarded as the true Shamrock by the people who have most right to decide, there can be no doubt as to what holds the field at the present day. This is the small yellow Trefoil known to botanists as *Trifolium minus*, a plant commonly distributed throughout England, Scotland, Ireland, and in Europe generally. Some years ago, when engaged with the late Robert Holland in compiling our *Dictionary of English Plant-Names*, I went into the matter with some care, obtaining specimens from several Irish counties, and examining the shamrocks sold in Covent Garden and elsewhere, and in every case the plant was identical. My essay was fortunate in that it attracted Mr. Colgan to the subject: in his first paper on the subject in the *Irish Naturalist* for 1893, he gives me "the credit of having been the first to discern and boldly advocate the strong claims of *T. minus*." The knowledge came to me in the first instance in a curious way. At that time—about 1875—I had a lads' club at Isleworth; all the members were Irish. With them many of the happiest years of my life were passed, and from them and their parents I gained an affection for, and an understanding of, the Irish and their country which will never leave me. St. Patrick's Day was approaching, and I was anxious that the boys should have shamrocks—not knowing, in those early days, that the post would be laden with packets carrying the "chosen leaf" all over the world, and that Isleworth would have its share. St. Patrick's Day came on a Sunday that year (so, were it worth while, the date could be fixed), and I spent the Saturday afternoon in Kew Gardens, collecting, with the fear of the gardeners before me, specimens of the common White Clover, which, in common with most of my countrymen, I had always considered to be the shamrock. I took them down in triumph the next morning, but my satisfaction was short-lived; most of the lads were already provided with the genuine article, and those who were not repudiated my offering with contumely—they did not know me well then, and I suspect they thought I was tampering with their faith. It

was then that I learnt that *Trifolium minus* was the Shamrock, and that "none other was genuine." From that date to this, every year there has reached me, from an Irish convent, a box of Shamrock; the original sender has gone to her rest, but the kind act is continued—and every year it is *Trifolium minus* that arrives.

In saying that the plant is widely distributed I know that I am running counter to a treasured Irish belief—namely, that the shamrock is peculiar to Ireland, and will not grow out of that country: the only chance of preserving its life, I have been told, is to bring some of its own soil with it, and even then, when that soil is exhausted, the plant will die. Moore embodied the belief in the refrain, "Old Ireland's native shamrock"; and a writer in *Notes and Queries* for 1863 thus formulates it:

The real Irish trefoil (shamrock) is not clover, nor wild sorrel, but a grass peculiarly indigenous to some parts of Ireland only. This may seem a strange assertion, yet it is perfectly correct; and as a proof, there is not a peasant in Ireland who cannot point out the difference between clover and the genuine trefoil: the latter being much smaller, and less silky in leaf and stem, than any other species of trefoil grass, exotic or native (and there are several specimens of both) found in the country.

The writer's terminology would hardly satisfy the botanist, but there can be no doubt as to his conviction. Not to multiply instances, a passage may be cited from a recent volume of sermons which embodies the same belief:

Our simple Irish shamrock springs from our simple Irish soil. It will creep among the grasses of the meadow or it will hide amidst the heather of the mountain, or it will show its tender green leaves to the wild birds that nestle by the brink of the bog, or it will smile at the children that play by the bank near the country cottage, or it will mingle with the mosses that mourn on the graves of the old churchyard, but it loves the dear land of its birth too dearly to leave it. *If its roots be not fed from its own Irish clay it will wither.*<sup>1</sup>

Another popular Irish belief is that the Shamrock does not flower. This is intelligible enough: no trefoil blossoms as early as March, when the Shamrock is most in request. I remember once in Ireland asking a man whether the plant

<sup>1</sup> *Worth*, by the Rev. R. Kane, p. 95. Longmans. 1920.

I showed him was Shamrock, and he at once disqualified it on the ground of its having flowers. Mr. Colgan records a somewhat similar experience in the Aran islands, when he inquired for the Shamrock:

Several of the islanders, searching for the plant in my presence, passed over *Trifolium repens* as too coarse; and though apparently inclined to fix on *T. minus* seemed so staggered by the appearance of its flower that they gave up the search in the belief that it was too late for the Shamrock.<sup>1</sup>

The claim of *T. minus* to be regarded as the true Shamrock is further supported by the fact that it is the plant invariably used by the Belfast and Dublin manufacturers of Christmas and Patrick's Day cards, on which sprays of the real Shamrock are mounted: it is also the plant grown in the Trinity College Botanical Garden in Dublin "to meet the demands of English inquirers for the real Shamrock" (see *Irish Naturalist*, ii. 151). The stalls in Covent Garden label their Shamrock as from Ireland, and it is quite likely that it is grown there for importation: a writer in the *Westminster Gazette* last March says that

The Countess of Limerick, who has for many years furnished the annual supply of shamrock for the Irish Guards [this is *T. minus*] is probably the largest amateur cultivator of the clover emblem in Ireland,

thus implying that it is also cultivated professionally, so to speak. But the white clover (*T. repens*) finds favour in Connacht, where "the people hold it in great veneration and wear it exclusively." This we learn from a leaflet circulated by the Sisters of Charity at Ballaghaderreen, Co. Mayo,<sup>2</sup> which contains descriptions of "two great varieties of genuine Shamrock, both loved, worn, and held in veneration by the Irish people according to the oldest traditions of the country." The first, the "Running Trefoil," or White Clover, is associated with the fact that St. Patrick spent seven years of his life in Connacht, "and as the most sacred traditions of the land in the penal days were confided to Connacht for safe-keeping, there can be no mistake about the genuineness of their shamrock." The other, the "Spray or Yellow Trefoil" is *T. minus*, which the people in the south of Ire-

<sup>1</sup> *Irish Naturalist*, I. 97.

<sup>2</sup> Reprinted in the *Catholic Herald*, March 6, 1919.

land "hold in great veneration and wear as their sacred symbol":

As St. Patrick spent many years of his life in Munster and gave a special blessing to everything in it, the people there are making no mistake about the purity of their shamrock, which is also hallowed by old tradition. Both the varieties [say the Sisters, with laudable impartiality] are real genuine shamrock.

It would appear from the above that the White Clover has substantial claim to consideration, and it seems clear that it was at one time in general use, not only in England but also in Ireland. Edward Lhwyd, the well-known antiquary, writing in 1713 of Ireland generally, says: "Their Shamrock is the common clover" (*Phil. Trans.*, xxvii. 506), and although the Purple Clover (*T. pratense*), which at that date shared the name, may have been intended, the Ballaghaderreen leaflet relating to the same district expressly excludes this from the shamrocks, and, as we have seen, includes the White Clover.

*T. minus*, so far as I am aware, has never been called clover, and Lhwyd would not have included it under that name; more definite evidence, however, is supplied by Caleb Threlkeld, a competent botanist, who, in his *Synopsis Stirpium Hiberniae* (1724) already referred to, in a passage the importance of which is elsewhere indicated—writes of the White Clover: "This plant is worn by the People in their Hats upon the 17 Day of March yearly (which is called St. Patrick's Day)." The *Cybele Hibernica* says: "This is still worn as Shamrock on St. Patrick's Day"; and Folkard (*Plant Lore*) writes that it has been sold as such in London and Dublin "for a long time." Bicheno (1831) says: "In London . . . we see in the hats of the *meri Hiberni* very starved specimens of white clover and sometimes *Medicago lupulina* and even chickweed and other plants substituted for it"—chickweed seems impossible, but Bicheno was a botanist—and speaks of "the clover they see in the hats of the Irish" in Dublin: it may be noted that in his advocacy of the claims of the Wood-sorrel, to be dealt with later, he makes no reference to having seen that plant worn.

The earliest record I have seen of the actual wearing of Shamrocks is in the Journal of Thomas Dinely (1681), published in the *Journal of the Kilkenny Archaeological Society* in 1856:

The vulgar superstitiously wear shamroges, 3-leaved grass, which they likewise eat (they say) to cause a sweet breath.

It is in this Journal that we find the first reference to the crosses which were worn in connection with the feast, and are still to be seen in Irish quarters in London, where I had—perhaps erroneously—regarded them as a substitute for shamrock:

The 17th day of March yearly is St. Patrick's, an immovable feast, when the Irish of all stations and conditions wear crosses in their hats, some of pins, some of green ribbon.

Swift writes to Stella from London, March 17, 1712-13:

It was St. Patrick's Day, and the Mall was so full of crosses that I thought all the world was Irish,

he makes no mention of Shamrocks. According to Colgan:

The cross is still worn by the children in the Dublin Liberties, where it takes the form of a paper boss, or rosette, pinned on the breast, and bearing on its surface a conspicuous cross made of green paper: but the custom is fast dying out.

A reference may be made in passing to another custom which happily is also "fast dying out," and for an early reference to which we are again indebted to Threlkeld. Having mentioned the setting forth by St. Patrick of "the mystery of the Holy Trinity," he continues:

However that be, when they wet their seamroge, they often commit excess in liquor, which is not the right keeping of a Day to the Lord.

This is the first allusion to the custom of "drowning the Shamrock": a recent reference is quoted in the *Oxford Dictionary* from the *Daily Telegraph* of March 28, 1888: "An Irishman . . . resolved to drown the shamrock in orthodox fashion." This again tempts me to a personal reminiscence. In the days when the League of the Cross, under Cardinal Manning's leadership, was a power in the places where it was established, the Cardinal granted an indulgence of forty days to those who abstained from drink on St. Patrick's eve, his feast, and the day following. "I have always had a great admiration for Cardinal Manning," said a Protestant neighbour, as we walked to the station to-

gether, "but I can't understand this business about St. Patrick's Day." "What do you mean?" I said. "Well, what is the good of people abstaining for three days if they may indulge for forty days after?"

The usurper whose claims to be considered the true Shamrock are most frequently urged in popular literature is the Wood-sorrel (*Oxalis Acetosella*). Last March these claims were asserted by a correspondent of the *Daily News*, who said that he had received a box from Cork labelled "Shamrock from Ireland"; "but it was not Shamrock at all; genuine Shamrock is the beautiful little Wood-sorrel . . . The clover which has usurped the place of the traditional Shamrock has no flower." In a later letter, the writer allowed that there were four claimants to the name, but said that the Wood-sorrel had "a kind of semi-official sanction." At the same date, the *Westminster Gazette* definitely announced that "botanists believe that the genuine shamrock is the wild wood-sorrel." In the correspondence which followed, the writer gave as his authority "Sowerby's standard work, where overwhelming evidence," some of which he quotes, "is given in favour" of the plant named; he adds that

ancient writers [the earliest dates from 1571!] all agree that the "shamrock" was edible, and the wood-sorrel has been eaten in Ireland from time immemorial.

The use of the shamrock as food has been already dealt with, and, save for one puzzling reference, which will be given later, there is absolutely no foundation for the statement that the Wood-sorrel was ever eaten.

The "standard work" referred to is the third edition of Sowerby's *English Botany* (Vol. II., p. 211: 1864), with which of course Sowerby (who died in 1822) had nothing to do—a work whose scientific portion is as good as its "popular" part is bad. The latter was written by Mrs. Phoebe Lankester, and may be described as an *omnium gatherum* from various sources (which are seldom acknowledged), entirely indiscriminating and, from the standpoint of folk-lore, absolutely valueless: to this, however, may be traced much of the information about wild flowers that finds its way into popular periodicals. The "overwhelming evidence" consists of a series of assertions for which no proof is adduced: much of it is taken (without acknowledgement) from a paper read by James Ebenezer Bicheno before the

Linnean Society, of which he was then Secretary, entitled, "On the Plant intended by the Shamrock of Ireland": this was subsequently published in the *Journal of the Royal Institution of Great Britain* (i. 453) in 1831, and the claims of the Wood-sorrel date from its publication. Bicheno's introductory sentence is interesting as indicating the general use of the White Clover at that period:

The feast of St. Patrick [he says] has been so long recognized by those who traverse the streets of this great city [London] by the clover they see in the hats of the Irish, that any one who should entertain an opinion that this plant is not the original emblem of Ireland will be thought to have no ground for differing from the established belief; yet I think I am in a situation to prove by abundant testimony that the *Trifolium repens* is not the Shamrock of the Irish nation, nor any other clover.

He states his case at considerable length—it will be noted that he nowhere indicates that the Wood-sorrel is actually worn—and concludes by saying that "it can hardly be doubted that the *Oxalis* was the original Shamrock." Colgan, however, after a careful examination of all the evidence adduced, writes that Bicheno

has nothing to bring forward but assumptions; assumptions that the words *seamsoge* [the Irish name for Wood-sorrel] and *seam-roge* are identical [he regards the former as a mis-spelling!]; that the meadow trefoil cannot be eaten; that the use of the shamrock badge dates from the earliest ages; that the trefoils were introduced into Ireland as late as the middle of the seventeenth century.

One of Bicheno's arguments may be worth citing:

It would seem a condition . . . to a national emblem, that it should be something familiar to the people at the season when the national feast is celebrated:

the leaves of the White Clover, which Bicheno regarded as the rival claimant, are "scarcely expanded in the middle of March, and it produces its flowers in the summer." From this it would seem that Bicheno supposed that the feast was instituted in commemoration of the Saint's demonstration of the doctrine of the Trinity; had this been so, the objection would have had some force, but the date, March 17th, is of course that assigned by tradition to his death. Bicheno's

other assumptions may be briefly disposed of: we have seen that the "meadow trefoil" could be, and was, eaten, though we have no evidence that wood-sorrel was; there is no evidence of an early "use of the shamrock badge"; the trefoils which have been identified as employed as Shamrock are natives of Ireland, though one—*Medicago lupulina*, the "trefoil" of commerce—was introduced to cultivation at about the date alleged. It is hence to be feared that St. Patrick can hardly be entitled to the compliment paid him by Bicheno:

St. Patrick, who is said by Gibbon to have been descended and to have derived his name from the patricians of Rome, exercised a good taste, worthy his noble birth, when he selected so beautiful an emblem for his favourite island.

Some find support in Thomas Moore's poem on "The Shamrock," whose leaves he describes

As softly green  
As emeralds seen  
Through purest crystal gleaming.

It may be admitted that the term "emerald" might be more fittingly applied to the Wood-sorrel than to any trefoil; but there seems no reason to suppose that Moore had any particular plant in view, and his statement that the shamrock was the "chosen leaf of bard and chief" lacks confirmation. "The shamrock badge or emblem," says the *Oxford Dictionary*, "makes its first appearance in literature in 1681."

It is right to say that one early writer appears to indicate the Wood-sorrel as the Shamrock. Fynes Morison, in his *Itinerary* (1599), speaking of the period of the rebellion in Munster described by Spenser, says that "the wild Irish"

willingly eat the herbe Schamrock being of a sharpe taste which as they run and are chased to and fro, they snatch like beasts out of the ditches.

In the whole literature of the Shamrock there is, perhaps, no passage more perplexing than this: for the suggestion that the water-cress was meant may be dismissed, and no clover has "a sharpe taste": it is, however, difficult to suppose that the Wood-sorrel could form the food of any people, however reduced by necessity.

As a footnote, it may be mentioned that, so far as I am able to ascertain, no plant is in Ireland dedicated to St. Patrick. The London Pride (*Saxifraga umbrosa*), that ornament of the Irish mountains, is called in books "St. Patrick's Cabbage," but we learn from the authors of the *Cybele Hibernica* (ed. 2, 127: 1898) that this originated in a mis-translation:

The close similarity in the sound of the genitive forms of the Irish words for "Patrick" and "fox" has no doubt caused this plant to be erroneously called St. Patrick's Cabbage.

Father Morris, however, prints as an appendix to his *Life of St. Patrick*, already cited, a very interesting account of a Sloe-tree (*Prunus spinosa*) at St. Patrice, on the banks of the Loire, a few leagues from Tours, which blossoms every year at Christmas. The account, by Mgr. Chevallier, was published in 1850 in the *Annales de la Société d'Agriculture du Département d'Indre et Loire*: Father Morris publishes it with a translation, from which I extract the following:

The inhabitants of St. Patrice record an ancient tradition which in its simplicity is full of freshness and poetry. St. Patrick, it is said, being on his way from Ireland to join St. Martin in Gaul, attracted by the fame of that Saint's sanctity and miracles, and having arrived at the bank of the Loire, near the spot where the church now bearing his name has been built, rested under a shrub. It was Christmas time when the cold was intense. In honour of the Saint, the shrub expanded its branches, and shaking off the snow which rested on them, by an unheard-of prodigy, arranged itself in flowers white as the snow itself. St. Patrick crossed the Loire on his cloak, and on reaching the opposite bank, another blackthorn under which he rested at once burst out into flowers. Since that time, says the chronicle, the two shrubs have never ceased to blossom at Christmas, in honour of St. Patrick.

Father Morris, who sent me some of the flowers, says that they are objects of local veneration, and that M. Dupont, "the Holy Man of Tours," always kept a branch hung up in his room.

JAMES BRITTON.

## THE ROMANCE OF HELIUM

THE story of the discovery of helium and of the astounding facts concerning its origin and properties reads almost like a fairy-tale. In this essay it is proposed to give briefly the main outlines of this story. It is hardly necessary to recall the fact that the sun is surrounded by a luminous layer called the chromosphere, which is an atmosphere of incandescent gases. When the light from this luminous mass is examined through a spectroscope its spectrum is found to contain many bright lines. Amongst the scientists who first took up the study of this subject was Sir Norman Lockyer, whose death at an advanced age has recently taken place. Most of the lines in the spectrum of the chromosphere could be identified as those characteristic of the elements known to constitute our own planet. But in 1868, Janssen in France and Frankland and Lockyer in England, directed attention to the discovery of certain bright yellow lines which did not correspond to those characteristic of any known terrestrial substance. Frankland and Lockyer concluded that these lines proved the existence in the sun of some hitherto unknown element, and on account of its place of origin, gave the new substance the name "helium." Thus minute messengers, in the shape of light waves, brought us the first news of the gas helium, across the 92,000,000 miles of space separating us from the sun.

For nearly twenty years nothing further was known about helium, until, in 1882, the Italian Palmieri observed the same lines in the spectrum of substances obtained from the rocks and lava of Vesuvius. In 1895, Sir W. Ramsay discovered that a gas, whose spectrum showed these same lines, could be obtained by heating the mineral clevite or uranite, the spectrum of which showed the lines already observed by Lockyer in the chromosphere. It was shown later that Hillebrand had already obtained the same gas in 1890. He, however, believed its spectrum to be that of nitrogen. Since 1895 the gas helium has been shown to be widely distributed throughout the earth, and at the present time schemes are devised which provide for production at the rate of millions of cubic feet per year. This discovery is in itself sufficiently remarkable as an achievement of pure science, but it is but one

chapter in an altogether extraordinary history. Before dealing with the remainder of the story, it will be useful to describe very briefly the chief characteristics of helium gas.

1. The spectrum of helium consists of many lines, of which the yellow, green, blue and violet are the most prominent.

2. With the exception of hydrogen it is the lightest of all known substances; its atomic weight being just four times that of hydrogen.

3. Helium is absolutely inert or inactive, and cannot be made to combine with any other substance, and is in consequence uninflammable.

4. Its molecule contains but a single atom, and is almost a perfect gas. In 1915, Onnes, by evaporating liquid helium in a vacuum, obtained a temperature of  $-272^{\circ}\text{C}.$ , which is within a degree of the absolute zero.

5. An electric discharge passes through helium with far greater facility than through any other gas.<sup>1</sup>

We must now make an apparent digression. The year 1895, which marks the definite discovery of helium on the earth, is also remarkable for the discovery of Röntgen's X-rays. These rays were chiefly remarkable for their properties of affecting a photographic plate and of passing freely through substances opaque to luminous radiation. At once physicists began to look elsewhere for similar rays. Becquerel asked himself if the rays from phosphorescent substances like luminous paint, which shine in the dark after they have been exposed to sunlight, might not also possess the properties of X-rays. He selected for his experiment a phosphorescent salt containing uranium. He took a photographic plate completely enveloped by black paper. On the outer surface of this he placed an aluminium medal, and over this the uranium salt, spread on a card. After a lengthy exposure he developed the plate, and found that the latter had been affected, the outline of the medal being clearly defined as a shadow. The thicker portions of the medal produced a darker shadow than the rest, so that the image was distinctly visible. The result was exactly similar to that obtained by means of X-rays. He soon discovered that this effect had nothing to do with phosphorescence, and that uranium salts, which had never been exposed to sunlight, produced the effect equally well. The pure metal uranium

<sup>1</sup> An interesting account of the modern production and uses of helium will be found in a paper by Prof. J. C. McLennan in *Nature*, Aug. 12 and 19, 1920.

was also found to possess this property. He therefore concluded that this property was characteristic of the element itself. In studying uranium salts the Curies found that certain of them possessed this power in a higher degree than pure uranium. This proved that in these salts there was present some other substance more active than uranium. They undertook a laborious search after this substance, and in this way began the study of radio-activity.

The discovery of radio-activity opened up a completely new field of scientific research, and revealed properties of matter which had never been suspected before. That matter could, under certain conditions, emit rays of heat and light had of course become a scientific fact. But these rays were admitted by all to be of the nature of ether-waves. So, too, it was known that an insulated portion of matter could be charged with electricity. But no one had suspected that certain kinds of matter are in a constant state of disintegration, and that they spontaneously emit showers of charged particles as well as ether-waves. A radio-active substance may be compared to a nest of machine guns firing in every direction. Such a comparison is very crude, but it supplies a rough model. A machine gun fires not only a shower of bullets travelling with high velocities capable of piercing sheets of solid matter, but also sends out ether-waves in the shape of light and heat, and, in addition, emits a quantity of gas. So, too, the smallest particle of radio-active material sends out material particles travelling with enormous velocities, as well as ether-waves, and in some cases a gaseous "emanation." The following are the characteristic radio-active radiations:

I.  $\alpha$ -rays, which consist of positively charged particles of a mass comparable to that of the atom of a gas. These  $\alpha$ -particles are expelled from the atom of a radio-active substance with a prodigious velocity of as much as 18,000 miles per second! and moreover are capable of passing through thin sheets of solid substances such as glass and metal. Their range under normal conditions is not great, and they are completely stopped by a few inches of air, but in high vacuum their range is much greater. Like the other kinds of rays, they cause phosphorescent substances like zinc sulphide to become luminous. Owing to their electric charge they are deflected out of their path by a strong magnetic or electric field. This fact enables their velocity to be measured with considerable

accuracy. We shall return to the consideration of the  $\alpha$ -rays.

2.  $\beta$ -rays. These are negatively charged "electrons" or "corpuscles." Their mass, which is wholly ethereal, is roughly  $1/2000$ th of the mass of an atom of hydrogen gas, which, up to the time of their discovery, was looked on as the smallest portion of matter with a separate existence. These corpuscles may be looked on as atoms of electricity, as all their properties are electrical. They enter into the constitution of every kind of matter, and wherever they are found always present the same properties. They are expelled spontaneously from radio-active substances, but they can also be liberated from the other elements by such agents as heat, electricity, chemical action, and possibly by friction. Their mass is always the same; their electrical charge is always constant. The one property which is known to vary is their velocity, which can have very different values. In the case of the  $\beta$ -rays this reaches the astounding rate of 170,000 miles per second! The velocity of light is 186,000 miles per second. This velocity has been accurately measured by the deflection produced by strong magnetic and electric fields. They are very penetrating, and can pass through several inches of solid aluminium, and through nearly an inch of lead. X-rays are due to the impact of such rays in a vacuum tube striking a solid substance.

3.  $\gamma$ -rays. These rays are of the same nature as X-rays, and are therefore ether-waves of a very short wave length, travelling with a velocity equal to that of light. They, too, penetrate solid matter and cause the luminosity of phosphorescent substances.

4. "Emanation." This is a gaseous product which is emitted by radium and thorium in very minute quantities. By suitable methods it can be collected, and is found to have all the properties of a gas, except that of stability. After a short time the emanation gradually disappears. Its atomic weight is 222, that of radium being 226. The emanation is a new radio-active substance which is due to the transformation of radium, etc., which in turn rapidly changes into a long series of other radio-active substances. These radioactive substances give rise to one or other of the various kinds of radiations which we have considered. The subject is a complicated one, and need not detain us here. A little glass tube filled with emanation glows brightly in the dark and has many of the properties of the original radium, and

forms a very convenient means of applying the radiations in medical practice. Its use has the great advantage that it obviates the danger of losing or damaging the radio-active substance from which it has been derived. This emanation emits  $\alpha$ -particles, but neither  $\beta$  nor  $\gamma$  rays.

5. Light and heat. A morsel of radium glows brightly in the dark, and emits a large amount of heat. The temperature of radium is always about  $20^{\circ}\text{C}$ . higher than the surrounding air. The amount of heat given out by pure radium in an hour is roughly sufficient to raise the temperature of an equal weight of water from that of melting ice to the boiling point. This amount of heat is being constantly evolved, and has to be taken into account in considering the cooling of the earth and of other bodies containing radium.

We see, therefore, that radio-activity is a most wonderful property, but we seem to have travelled a long distance from helium. We shall see that they are very intimately connected. Before the discovery of radio-activity, Sir W. Ramsay called attention to the fact that all the minerals from which helium could be obtained contained either uranium or thorium. This gas is not in a state of chemical combination in these minerals, but impregnates the substances to such an extent that sometimes the volume of the helium is found to be about a hundred times as great as the volume of the mineral from which it is obtained. After the discovery of radium, and its intimate connection with uranium, there began to be a feeling that helium was in some way a product of uranium or radium. This feeling has given place to direct proof that this is the case. The proofs are conclusive, and no doubt any longer remains that helium has its origin in radium. Truly an unexpected conclusion!

One of the most interesting applications of radio-activity is beautifully shown in Crookes' "spintharoscope," which can be bought for a few shillings. A fine needle is dipped into a weak solution of radium, and mounted in a tube, the closed end of which is covered by a layer of zinc sulphide. At the other end is a strong lens by which the surface of the zinc sulphide may be examined. When the eye has been kept in darkness for a few moments, one sees through the lens innumerable "splashes" of light on the fluorescent surface. The effect may be compared to a shower of rain falling on the surface of a lake, if we suppose each splash to be accompanied by a flash of light. These flashes are due to the

impact of  $\alpha$ -particles on the zinc sulphide, each particle producing a flash. By using a very minute quantity of radium, and knowing the area of the surface under observation and its distance from the speck of radium, it is possible to count the number of flashes, and consequently to calculate the number of  $\alpha$ -particles which have been expelled. By this means an estimate of the number of  $\alpha$ -particles expelled by one gramme of radium per second was arrived at.

In 1908, Rutherford and Geiger arrived at the same result by making use of an electrical method. By using a special kind of electroscope, which need not be described here, they were able to register the arrival of each individual  $\alpha$ -particle into an observation chamber through a minute hole. This method was brought to such a state of perfection that each  $\alpha$ -particle was made to register its arrival photographically on a moving film. Making all necessary corrections, they arrived at the conclusion that the number of  $\alpha$ -particles produced by a gramme of radium per second was  $3.4 \times 10^{10}$  or 34,000 millions. This result corresponded very accurately with the number arrived at by counting the flashes in the spintharoscope. Our knowledge of the properties of a gas enables us to calculate what volume of gas this number of molecules would represent. Therefore, if, as was suspected, helium was being produced by radium, it was possible to determine experimentally if there was any connection between the number of  $\alpha$ -particles and the volume of helium atoms thus liberated.

The first definite assertion that helium was produced in radio-active transformations was made by Ramsay and Soddy in 1903. A quantity of emanation was purified by means of charcoal surrounded by liquid air. This was contained in a small vacuum tube, by means of which its spectrum could be examined. The spectrum showed that in the beginning of the experiment there was no helium in the tube. In the course of a few days, the helium lines began to appear, and finally the complete spectrum of helium was observed. This method was evidently open to several objections, and in spite of the appearance of helium the result was not looked on as being a sufficiently conclusive proof that the helium was made up of  $\alpha$ -particles.

The first accurate determination of the rate of production of helium from radium was made by Dewar in 1908. By means of a very accurate "McLeod" gauge he was able to

measure the presence of a very minute amount of gas. Special means were taken to prevent the entrance of any other kind of gas into the apparatus. Seventy milligrammes of radium chloride were contained in a small bottle connected to the pumps and gauge. A high vacuum was obtained by means of mercury pumps and cocoanut charcoal cooled by liquid air. The final pressure of the residual gases in the gauge before the experiment began was as low as 0.000015 mm. The experiment was carried on during 1,100 hours, and the pressure was read after every 10 hours. The increase of pressure was recorded in the form of a curve. The result was described as follows: "A mean line is drawn through the observations taken with the radium heated (in order to secure that all the helium produced was measured), giving a steadily maintained helium increment of approximately 0.37 cub. mm. per gramme of radium per day." The correspondence of this result with that calculated from the number of molecules, on the supposition that each  $\alpha$ -particle was a molecule of helium, was very remarkable: "Considering I have found the rate of helium production of the order of 0.37 cub. mm., the agreement between experiment and the theoretical prophecy of Rutherford (0.3 cub. mm.) is almost too wonderful."

It now remained to prove that the  $\alpha$ -particle and the helium atom were identical. Although it had been shown that helium was in some way evolved from radium, it had not been proved beyond doubt that the helium atom and the  $\alpha$ -particle were identical. In Dewar's experiment, not only the  $\alpha$ -particles, but also the other derivatives of radium entered into the testing apparatus. In 1909, Rutherford published the results of experiments which proved conclusively that the  $\alpha$ -particles alone were responsible for the presence of the helium. His experiment depended on the fact that  $\alpha$ -particles are able to pass through thin glass vessels which are able to contain gases. There is no need to describe minutely the many precautions which had to be taken in this critical experiment. His experiment may be said to be a repetition of those of Dewar, with the modification that the radium was completely surrounded by a thin glass envelope, which allowed only the  $\alpha$ -particles to pass through. Rutherford made use of radium emanation, which emits  $\alpha$ -particles but neither  $\beta$  nor  $\gamma$  rays. Thus the only radio-active product entering the testing vessel was a shower of  $\alpha$ -particles. His

result was described as follows: "In order to avoid any possible contamination of the apparatus with helium, freshly distilled mercury and an entirely new glass apparatus were used. Before introducing the emanation, the absence of helium was confirmed experimentally. At intervals after the introduction of the emanation the mercury was raised (in order to compress the gas into a small spectrum tube), and the gases in the outer tube spectroscopically examined. After twenty-four hours, no trace of the helium yellow line was seen; after two days the helium yellow line was faintly visible; after four days the helium yellow and green lines were bright; and after six days all the stronger lines of the helium spectrum were observed. The absence of the neon spectrum shows that the helium present was not due to the leakage of air into the apparatus." . . . "These experiments thus show conclusively that the helium could not have diffused through the glass walls, but must have been derived from the  $\alpha$ -particles which were fired through them. In other words, the experiments give a decisive proof that the  $\alpha$ -particle after losing its charge is an atom of helium."

This surely is a surprising result, and opens up a new horizon for speculation and research. For, if helium owes its origin to processes which we can actually observe, may we not suppose that other gases originated in some similar way in far back periods of the history of the universe? There is no spectroscopic evidence that radium exists to-day in the sun. Are we therefore to conclude that all the helium in the sun has been produced by radio-active substances which have ceased to exist? The study of radium shows that it loses half its activity in about 2,000 years. Thus, in half its lifetime, one gramme of radium can produce about 300 cub. cms. of helium gas. We are not here concerned directly with the origin of radium. It is sufficient to note that all the radio-active substances belonging to the radium family are successive generations, descending from the parent substance, uranium. These substances have "lives" of very different lengths. Thus uranium is estimated to lose half its activity in 6,000 million years; radium in 2,000 years; other derivatives in a few minutes.

The importance of helium as a possible substitute for hydrogen for filling balloons and aircraft became apparent during the war. The great inflammability of hydrogen resulted in the destruction of many valuable observation

balloons and the loss of many lives. The writer has seen three such balloons in flames simultaneously and the six observers descending in parachutes, after the passage of a German aeroplane! As helium possesses 92 % of the buoyancy of hydrogen, is perfectly uninflammable, and loses 30% less by diffusion through the envelope than hydrogen, it is evident that its use would be of the greatest advantage. Research work was undertaken in order to discover the best sources of helium, with the result that the most practical method appeared to be to separate it from the natural gases which issue from the earth in many places, especially in Canada. The Alberta gases were found to be the richest in helium, and, although they only contain 0.36%, it is possible to obtain relatively large quantities in this way. From the known sources in the British Empire it is calculated that not more than 12,000,000 cubit feet can be obtained per year. It is evident that this amount would not go far in filling balloons, but there are other directions, such as in filling electric lamps, in which it can be utilized. The chief use, however, will doubtless be found in the production of low temperatures. As the supply of natural gases is being exhausted, it is proposed to separate the helium and store it for future use.

There are other aspects of the greatest interest concerning the relation between helium and other elements which would require a separate article. Enough, however, has been said to justify the title of this paper. The discovery of helium is another example of the necessity of "pure Science" as a preliminary to "practical" inventions.

H. V. GILL.

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**Ultra-Darwinism:** "Can any law be conceived more arbitrary or more apparently causeless? What strongly planted three-legged animals there might have been! what symmetrically radiant five-legged ones! what volatile six-winged ones! what circumspect seven-headed ones! Had Darwinism been true we should long ago have split our heads in two with foolish thinking, or thrust out, from above our covetous hearts, a hundred desirous arms and clutching hands; and changed ourselves into Briarean Cephalopoda. But the law is around us, and within: unconquerable: granting, up to a certain limit, power over our bodies to circumstance and will: beyond that limit, inviolable, inscrutable, and, so far as we know, eternal.—*Ruskin: The Eagle's Nest. IX.*

## THE PEOPLE AT PRAYER

### I. CORPUS CHRISTI DAY IN SÃO PAULO.

**I**T is two hours after noon in São Paulo; and in the porch of our church, high above which the bronze statue of St. Benedict looks out upon the city, our community is gathered expectant. It is the day of the great procession, the great public act of faith, in which this city of six hundred thousand people proclaims herself—in spite of the insidious propaganda of masonry, and the “bible and dollars” campaign (as the Brazilians nickname it) of the American Methodists—still overwhelmingly Catholic at heart. Soon after mid-day the procession has set forth from the provisional cathedral—provisional, for the vast new cathedral, rising in dazzling whiteness in the centre of the city, and bidding fair to rival in size and grandeur the great minsters of Europe, is still far, very far, from completion. And it is at this moment slowly wending its way through the thronged streets towards our church, whence the first of the public Benedictions will be given to the people.

We have had already this morning our own festival function in our abbey church, solemn High Mass, attended by the three hundred pupils of our college, by the children of our parochial schools, with their black-robed Sisters in charge, and by a great crowd of the faithful, who have filled every corner of the church, and assisted at the long ceremony with edifying attention and devotion. As one remembers, years ago, among the more primitive and less cultured people of Equatorial Brazil, so to-day, in this great modern city, the Gregorian chant, the Church's own music (different indeed from the debasing strains which too often do duty for Church music here) has a strange attraction for, and a wonderfully *sedative* effect on, these emotional southerners, and they seem never tired of listening to it. We have had our own procession at the end of Mass—round our cloister garth, bright with many-coloured shrubs and tropical plants;<sup>1</sup> and through the spacious playgrounds of the college,

<sup>1</sup> The city of São Paulo stands nearly 3,000 feet above sea-level, on the southern edge of the tropical zone. The Tropic of Capricorn passes, in fact, through the middle of the city: indeed, as some have said, through the cloister garden of the Abbey of St. Bento.

where the way is strewn with sweet-smelling herbs, and marked with tall masts whence flutter gay streamers of the national colours, green and gold. An altar has been erected here, and another in the *Salão nobre*—the great hall—of the college, both decked with a wealth of flowers (is not this *a Terra das flores?*), masses of fragrant Banksia roses, wax-like camellias, white and pink, interspersed with flaming hibiscus, the blood-red bracts of Pointsettia, sprays of pale blue plumbago, and clusters of bright purple Bougainvillia, the “*Santarita*” of the south. Our own celebration was over hours ago, and here we wait at our church door, to welcome our Lord once again among us, escorted by thousands of his faithful and adoring children.

At last we hear the approaching sounds of music, with, now and then, the sharp explosion of the bombs which punctuate every Brazilian festival; and now we see the glint of the great silver cross, and the purple and white of the attendant acolytes, turning into *our* square, “St. Benedict’s Square,” through the winding Rua Boa Vista, the “Street of the Good View,” and what better prospect could it offer than it does to-day? With the long, long procession of white-robed children, Religious of both sexes and many Orders, pious Brotherhoods, with their tall crosses and bright embroidered banners of white and scarlet and gold, long lines of seminarians and surpliced clergy, and finally the *Santíssimo*, under its rich brocaded canopy, borne by the Archbishop, attended by the metropolitan canons. The prelate is not an old man, but he looks frail and tired. He has a long way still to bear his precious burden; and the Brazilian sun, though this is not the hottest season, strikes down fiercely enough from the cloudless sky. But to him, we may be sure, his task is far less of a burden than a privilege; for his ardent piety and his great devotion to the Holy Eucharist are known to all.

Now the long *cortège*, with its infinite variety of life and colour and movement, halts motionless in the square, in front of the stately façade of our abbey, flanked by its noble church. The canopy with its bearers passes through the great western door: slowly, with its attendant ministers, its lights, its clouds of incense and chiming bells, it is borne high above the nave of the church, and emerges on the balcony between the two lofty towers. Here an altar is erected, hung with silken draperies, and backed by a mass of dark green foliage; the monastic choir—led by a master of chant whose name is

famous on two continents—breaks into a harmonized *Tantum Ergo*, grave, sonorous, uplifting: then the Archbishop raises the golden monstrance, and imparts the Sacramental blessing to the kneeling multitude beneath. “*Urbi et Orbi*,” one had almost said; for surely, save in the great square of St. Peter’s at Rome, a more impressive spectacle could scarce be beheld in Christendom. For this is no ceremony such as one may witness in the quiet cloisters of a sequestered abbey, in a secluded convent garden, or the tranquil suburbs of a remote provincial town. We are in the very heart of one of the greatest and most progressive cities of this great continent. Imagine, if you can, such an altar raised, in honour of the Blessed Sacrament, high on the portico of the London Mansion House: a religious procession, seemingly endless, winding slowly through the broad space in front; and in every artery leading to that central spot, the throbbing heart of that mighty city, in Threadneedle Street and the Poultry, in Lombard Street and Cornhill, in every window of every house, on the roofs of the Royal Exchange and the Bank of England, a motionless crowd of bareheaded and silent worshippers. It is such a spectacle as this that meets our eyes as we look from the balcony of St. Benedict’s Church down on St. Benedict’s Square, and on the streets beyond. For this is the great business quarter of this teeming industrial city. In every street rise palatial buildings—many of them English banks, British, German and American houses of trade and business. They are closed and idle perforce to-day. The marts are silent, the roar of traffic is hushed, the everlasting din of tramcars and the raucous hoots of a thousand motor-cars are silent too. Mammon for once is put on one side, and God is in possession of the city dedicated to His apostle. He has come into His own to-day; and as the procession wends its way back to the square, and resumes its slow and stately progress through the thronged and silent streets, we join with full heart in the acclamations, grave yet triumphant, chanted forth by the choir of monks: **CHRISTUS VINCIT, CHRISTUS IMPERAT, CHRISTUS AB OMNI MALO POPULUM SUUM DEFENDIT.**

It is an inspiring thought, and an encouraging one too, to those who can read aright this great demonstration of popular piety and faith. And it brings its special message of consolation to the sons of St. Benedict, who are, in the Providence of God, set in the very forefront of the continual battle

which has to be waged here, as in all great centres of population, against carelessness and irreligion and neglect of spiritual things, and, too often, open hostility to Christianity itself. They are set there in virtue of their position in the very heart of this great city, of their resources, of their manifold opportunities for good, of their age-long traditions as heirs and successors of those who were, centuries ago, the pioneers of religion and civilization, not in São Paulo alone, but in every city of this vast country. "Lift up your eyes," the Lord said to his doubting Apostles, "and see the fields, that they are ripe already unto the harvest." Who can doubt that these words are as true, here and now, as they were when spoken long ago? The labours of our brethren in São Paulo are arduous and incessant, including, as they do, not only the conduct of their college—a work of the first importance for the growing manhood of the city and state—but also pastoral work of all kinds, the spiritual supervision of convents, hospitals and schools, as well as the traditional and reverent carrying out of the Liturgy and Divine Office in the choir. Truly the harvest is abundant, but the labourers are few—too few by far for all the work that lies ready to their hands. Let us pray that God may send more labourers into those distant fields. And we who wear the same habit, follow the same holy Rule, and are united to our brethren all the world over by ties of religion and fraternal charity—ties far stronger than the bonds of a common nationality—will think with sympathy and interest of our brethren labouring in that far-off land, and will pray that, as in Jerusalem of old, the Lord may add there daily to the number of those who shall be saved.

✠ OSWALD HUNTER-BLAIR, O.S.B.,  
Abbot.

## II. SYRACUSE AND ITS FESTA.

YESTERDAY, Monday, December 13th, was the feast of Santa Lucia, and Syracuse has been letting itself go. It was a great stroke of luck to arrive here two days before the feast. For it has been revived this year, for the first time since the war, with all its old splendour and enthusiasm.

I am sitting in the old stone quarry—the *Latomia dei Cappucini*—where, twenty-three centuries ago, seven thousand Athenian prisoners toiled and rotted with disease and cursed the day they were born. I have been reading the story again in the Seventh Book of Thucydides, of which I have un-

earthed a French translation. Down in this vast yawning place, shut in by the sheer, cruel rock-face that seems to mount to the sky, one realizes the despair of the proud citizens of Athens. How they must have heaped execration on the brilliant Statesman who had, in spite of the military experts, led Athens into this rash enterprise. One thinks of Gallipoli: but this was much worse than Gallipoli.

I call up a young Sicilian who has been in the Italian army during the war. "Listen to this": and I read him the grim story. He listens spellbound.

"Who is this Thucydides?" he asks. "Does he live in Syracuse?"

The air down here is damp and prison-like. I try to eat the oranges that grow in this great Athenian cemetery. But they are bitter to taste. So I take my writing-pad up into the gardens above, where the sun is shining and where Theocritus, they say, walked and meditated his song.

On the eve of the feast I went to the Duomo. It is strange to find oneself saying Mass in a Greek temple. Yet there are the vast Doric pillars around us. For nearly a thousand years it stood as a temple to Athene before it was converted into a Christian church. The holy-water stoup is the old mixing-bowl from the neighbouring Temple of Bacchus. Cicero describes the glories of the building in his speeches against Verres, the rapacious pro-consul who looted Syracuse so thoroughly and "pinched" the famous chryselephantine gates of the Temple with all the assurance of a Crown Prince.

In the evening the Duomo is packed with the people of Syracuse. Some Canons are singing Office in the sanctuary, but no one pays much attention to them. Interest is centred in one of the side chapels to the right. The great iron gates of the chapel are closed, and guarded by formidable-looking men in uniform and firemen's helmets.

I catch the eye of one of them and he clears a passage for me through the crowd and admits me into the chapel.

Here I find twenty or thirty men and a number of vivacious small boys, who have somehow managed to wriggle in. The men apparently constitute some sort of a managing committee. But it is evident that they have no chairman. They all talk at once, and the babel is indescribable.

Several of them, with much courtesy, start explaining to me what the noise is all about. I gather that the great chest over the altar contains the famous silver image of St. Lucia: that the chest will presently be opened and the image ex-

tracted and carried, first into the street, and then up the nave. It will be placed over the High Altar. And then the band will play.

Presently a Canon detaches himself from the choir, pushes his way into the chapel, mounts a ladder, and throws open the folding-doors which form the front of the chest. And, behold, there stands displayed the silver statue, more than life-size, and studded with gems.

A great shout rises from the men in the chapel. It is taken up by the vast crowd in the church. Cries of "Santa Lucia" ring round the great cathedral. And then there is a great clapping of hands.

The Canon, having displayed "our dear little Saint," as the people call her, evidently feels that no more is expected of him, so he retires unobtrusively. The laity now get to work without, however, interrupting their conversation. Two enormous poles are mysteriously produced, and these are fitted into sockets attached to the base of the statue. The great image is dragged out of its case and borne on the shoulders of two-score sturdy men. It sways threateningly at first, and for a moment I fear that the "dear little Saint" is going to crash down on to my head. I picture for an instant the enormous interest given to the proceedings by such an unrehearsed addition to the programme. Perhaps I should be interred in the Duomo and given a paragraph in the Guide Book.

But, no. The people know how to carry their Saint about. They have had centuries of practice. The statue rights itself, and is carried out of the great doors into the porch.

Outside the cathedral a vast crowd has gathered, and the shouting begins all over again.

Meanwhile the Canons go on chanting their Office as though nothing particular were happening in the church which by now resembles a country fair. It is quite clear that the cathedral belongs to the people and that they have taken possession of it. They are "running" the whole affair. It is *their* Saint and *their* holiday. I try to imagine what the vergers in an English cathedral would say (there would be little they could *do*) were their exclusive monument suddenly invaded by five thousand people all talking at once and carrying statues about on poles. Yet I suppose that those same Cathedrals were invaded in the Middle Ages by talkative crowds, who felt at home in their Father's house.

After the people in the street had shouted themselves hoarse, the statue was twisted up again on to the shoulders of the bearers, carried triumphantly up the nave, and deposited over the High Altar. I found myself wedged against the altar-rails. The cathedral was already full, but I knew that there was a great crowd in the street intent on getting in somehow. Then I looked up into the choir-loft and saw a sight that froze my blood. There, packed like sardines, sat a great orchestra. Hefty men with violins and trumpets and what not. There was a determined look on their faces. "Talk about music," they seemed to say. "Wait one moment till *we* begin! You are going to have Double Vespers interspersed with orchestral pieces. We have been preparing this for months."

There was not a moment to be lost. In three minutes the crowd in the street would fight its way into the church. So I speedily wriggled my way down the nave and escaped into the open air.

But all this was a trifle compared to what awaited us next day. After the High Mass we found a crowd of some ten thousand people—mostly men—gathered outside the Duomo. A kindly Syracusan family invited me up on to the balcony of their house immediately opposite the cathedral.

The crowd grew thicker. Out of the great doors of the palace next to the cathedral appeared a highly-ornamental municipal coach, drawn by four horses. Bewigged outriders and footmen. The coach was, and remained, empty. Presumably it was, symbolically, for the Saint to ride in.

Out of the cathedral came a Bishop, the Canons, Religious Orders in their habits, the secular clergy in cottas. And then appears the statue, gleaming in the sun. It passes close to my balcony, and one can examine it minutely. The head is of ivory. A jewelled dagger pierces the neck. On the breast is a brilliant star: an English Order, I am told. The great square silver base is a mass of votive offerings.

As soon as the statue appears fireworks are let off and fire-balloons sent up. A great fish rises into the air, and after some preliminary wobbling (one can see the tense anxiety of the crowd), sails up into the sky in a most creditable fashion.

But now the great procession has formed, and it starts its long journey through the streets to the church of Santa Lucia, a mile or more away. The roads are lined with dense

crowds. The procession is leisurely, for the bearers have to be relieved constantly. I cannot truthfully say that the men walked in the procession with downcast eyes or with that look of severe abstraction usually considered to be suitable for processional wear. On the contrary, they had a decidedly cheerful and even festive appearance, and all of them talked, and many of them smoked pipes. There was no air of self-consciousness about them. They were obviously out for a free-and-easy holiday in honour of their little Saint.

The space outside the church of Santa Lucia was largely taken up by sweet-stalls and barrows of oranges. The vendors advertized their wares in voices of incredible shrillness. Little girls dressed in white, and goats and other animals bedecked with ribbons, appeared for the finish of the procession. The function at Santa Lucia *began* at one o'clock. When it ended I cannot tell.

Here was the empty tomb of St. Lucy, Virgin and Martyr. Her body was taken from Syracuse, her birthplace, to Constantinople, and subsequently to Venice, where it now rests. The people of Syracuse still hope that one day she may come back to them. Over the violated tomb appear the words taken from the Office for St. Lucy:

*"Lucia sponsa Christi, omnis plebs te exspectat."*

The festivities last for a week. They include bicycle races, contests, musical entertainments,—and more fireworks.

These are, so to say, the trimmings. The main fact is that the *Festa* means a great manifestation of faith and devotion, frequentation of the Sacraments, and a deepened consciousness of the Communion of Saints.

After a long-postponed lunch, I go, somewhat shattered by the tumult of the long morning, and sit in the great Greek theatre, where sat the old men of Syracuse when they watched the great fight in which the Athenian navy dashed itself against the stubborn might of Sicily.

There was no Santa Lucia in those days to bring solace to the Athenian prisoners as they toiled in the quarries. Death was the end of all. To-day the Syracusan possesses both this world and the next. And what matter if he blends them somewhat strangely to our Northern taste?

CHARLES PLATER.

## REMARKS ON AUGUSTINIANISM

THE Church sits high above her Doctors. Their utterances must be tested, age after age, by their conformity with the mind of the Church of the day. They are not to be taken as so many infallible papal pronouncements, commanding in their own right at once our outward reverence and inward assent. It is the more necessary to say this of St. Augustine, inasmuch as he is the founder of a great school.

2. To distinguish X from Y, I must not only know Y fully, but X also. Augustinianism turns on the distinction between Nature and Grace. St. Augustine is deservedly called the Doctor of Grace. Could he as well be called the Doctor of Nature? The "nature" of a thing is what the thing is of itself,—man as man, elephant as elephant, hydrogen as hydrogen. An animal without trunk and tusks would not be an elephant: trunk and tusks, then, are of the nature of elephant. This definition St. Augustine clearly lays down against the Manichees. "Nature," he says, "is nothing else but what is understood to be something in its own kind" (*De moribus Manichaeorum*, II. cap. 1). *Kind*, it may be observed, is the old English word for *nature*. But, speaking of human nature, Augustine was apt to judge it, not by the above definition, but by what God from the first intended human nature to be, to wit, endowed with grace. So speaking, we should say that Adam's sin was a fall from nature.

3. Theologians speak of a state possible, but never actualised, a "state of mere nature," *status purae naturae*, in which man should have had all that belongs to man, but should have had no grace whatever given him, or intended for him. Grace is essentially gratuitous, not due to human nature, not belonging to man as man. In the state of mere nature, original sin, as we know it, would have been impossible. You cannot fall away from what was never in any way yours. Where no grace is anywise offered, you cannot fall from grace. Created in that state of mere nature, man would have been mortal as he is now, a prey, as he is now, to concupiscence and all the "ills that flesh is heir to," "a heavy yoke on the children of Adam," to quote a text that

St. Augustine is fond of quoting (Eccl. xl. 1). Augustine's mind was never clear about this state of mere nature. The word "supernatural" had not been coined in his day. He would have gained a great deal, and posterity would have been spared much, if it had.

4. Roughly speaking, and leaving out qualifications, to be admitted, but here irrelevant, we say that the effect of Adam's sin was to deprive mankind of all supernatural good, notably of sanctifying grace and the consequent vision of God in Heaven,—but not of natural good, therefore not of natural final happiness. Therefore, as Innocent III. lays it down, the penalty of original sin is privation of Heaven, privation of the beatific vision, and thereby *hell and damnation*, in the technical sense of those words, inasmuch as man, being meant for the beatific vision, when he loses it, loses the end of his creation, and may truly be said to be *damned and lost*. But, as the same Pope Innocent goes on to lay it down, hell-fire is the penalty of actual sin, not of original. Under pressure of his Pelagian opponents, St. Augustine gave way somewhat on this point and avowed that he did not dare to say that infants dying unbaptized, and therefore in original sin, were in such a dolorous plight that it would be better for them not to have being at all (c. Julian. l. 5, n. 44). Existence then might still be a blessing to those unbaptized ones, for all Augustine knew. But is not this equivalent to an avowal that Augustine could not feel sure of unbaptized children suffering the torment of hell-fire as the penalty of original sin alone? I think I may affirm that it would be better not to be at all than to be in the torment of hell-fire. But such hesitation shakes the very key-stone of the arch of Augustinian predestination, that key-stone being the assumption, that for Adam's sin alone the whole mass of humanity, to be born of him, became *massa damnata*, doomed to everlasting fire with the devil and his angels.

5. The test of any theory of predestination is to try how it squares with reprobation. It is childish to say that the reprobate, being reprobate, must be lost. Of course they must, if they are reprobate: the beaten side, as such, must ever be beaten. The question is, why they are beaten, why they are reprobate, what chance they ever had of being other than reprobate. This is the weak point of Augustinianism. According to Augustine, the reprobate are reprobate because they are left in the *massa damnata*, the "bad batch" of

fallen humanity, hopelessly doomed to hell-fire, the only deliverance from which hopeless doom being the gratuitous mercy of the Most High, delivering His elect *in mercy*, from what they too had deserved, while He leaves the rest *in justice* to the deserts inherited from their first parent;—carrying His elect to Heaven “invincibly and unwervingly” (*insuperabiliter et indeclinabiliter*), by putting into them the good will to persevere in grace and good works, for so only can any man be saved; and this is the doing of God alone, and He will not do it for all mankind, as in justice He need not have done it for any; but they for whom He does it not are left in reprobation. St. Augustine does not add in their case the two famous adverbs, *insuperabiliter et indeclinabiliter*, probably because in their case there is no positive action of Almighty God, only a negative leaving of them as they originally were, and as they originally were they are hopelessly lost.

A thousand men stand before the King, with halters round their necks for their father's treason. Of His mere gracious but most effectual will, the King delivers some: the rest He leaves to the doom which the whole thousand had deserved.

Bardenhauer, a Catholic writer, in his *Patrology*, observes that after the year 417, St. Augustine ceased to believe in the universality of the “salvific will,”—ceased to believe that God had any real purpose of offering salvation to all mankind. “God wills all men to be saved,” says St. Paul (I Tim. ii. 4). Yes, answers St. Augustine, all who are saved, that is, the predestinate (*De correptione et gratia*, c. 14, n. 44).

6. We do not get our faith out of folios, e.g., Migne's *Collectio Patrum*, as Newman in 1839 thought could be done, but from the living Church. According to the mind of the living Church, hell is for the man to whom God can say, not “I never meant to gather thee at all,” but “How I would have gathered thee, and thou wouldst not” (Matt. xxiii. 37). Nullify the reprobate's antecedent chance of salvation, and the ordinary Mission Sermon, or Retreat Meditation, on Hell can no longer be given. Every giver of Missions and Retreats will recognize this. Would any such priest dare now to discourse on Hell, following the lines of St. Augustine's *Rebuke and Grace* (*De correptione et gratia*)? The *sensus fidelium* would not allow it. But the *sensus fidelium*, the mind of the faithful generally, is one of the canons of Catholic truth. St. Augustine himself was continually appealing to it.

7. You cannot do a greater disservice to a writer of books than to quote his authority for things he said in his earlier books and disavowed in his later,—or which you have good reason to know he would have disavowed, had not Death taken the pen out of his hand.<sup>1</sup> St. Augustine was not the man to run counter to the mind of the Church of 1920 any more than to that of 427. The development of the doctrine of the Sacred Heart has made a difference. He is the true Augustinian, who is mindful of that development. There was no Calvinism or Jansenism in the heart of the Bishop of Hippo. The question of predestination was new when he raised it. The Church took long to make up her mind: nor did his solution escape contradiction from the mouths even of good men of his time. The Greek Fathers stood aloof. St. John Chrysostom certainly was not with St. Augustine in this matter of predestination. St. Augustine in that respect did not voice the mind of the whole Church of his day, though undeniably he influenced it for a thousand years afterwards.

8. For what then does the Church stand indebted to the illustrious, lovable, and well-beloved Bishop of Hippo? Not for his overstrained theory of predestination, but for his assertion of the paramount precedence of the grace of God in every supernatural work, in all that makes for eternal salvation. Man can never take one step heavenwards ahead of the grace of God. How large a proportion of our spiritual failures are traceable to a blind attempt to go ahead to Heaven, without grace, without prayer, without waiting on God, listening to His word, and following His lead! All that man can do heavenwards is to follow grace; and even that very following is a work of grace, not however of grace drawing him on irresistibly: there lay the heresy of the Jansenists. Grace does not overpower our consent. We are like the men on a chess-board, who cannot move without the hand of the player pushing them. But unlike those chessmen, we are able to remain rooted in our place when we are pushed. All we are really good for of ourselves,—if the word *good* can be used in such a connection,—is to resist God, to withstand the motion of His grace. That, perhaps, is why the Council of Orange lays it down that man of him-

<sup>1</sup> As, e.g., the present writer would disavow, if he had the chance, what is said in his *Notes on St. Paul* of the date of the Epistle to the Galatians, and the people to whom it is addressed.

self has nothing but lying and sin, *nemo habet de suo nisi mendacium et peccatum* (Canon 22). And thus the whole secret of success in spiritual life is entire and continual surrender of self to God. There you have Augustinianism at its best.

9. Pelagians were never wearying of the reproach against St. Augustine, that his doctrines were a denial of Free Will. To his last breath the Saint strongly protested that they were not. At the same time it must be owned that it has been a great labour to reconcile them with Free Will. The possibility of that reconciliation I am here neither arguing nor denying. But the question seems to me to be beset by an ambiguity in the very term *Free Will*. St. Augustine distinguishes *voluntas libera* from *voluntas liberata*, the "free" from the "liberated" will. The "free" will can say *nay* to God; the "liberated" will is so strongly under the dominion of grace that it never will say *nay*. Can it? That is just the question. The will of the Blessed in Heaven is *voluntas liberata*, nay *liberatissima*,—delivered from the thraldom of sin, of which St. Paul, Rom. vi.,—not necessitated by any violence done to it, but most thoroughly sated and satisfied by its own proper object, God, so that it cannot do otherwise, because it has no mind to do otherwise, than love God supremely. But in the other sense of the word *free* this *voluntas liberatissima* is no longer *libera*,—most *liberated*, it has ceased to be *free*, because it has lost the "liberty of contradiction," it can no longer say *nay* to God's advances. That is why there is no meriting in Heaven. Is St. Augustine always sufficiently alive to this distinction, in his assertions that grace leaves the will free? On Augustinian showing, the will of the righteous man, moved by grace, is free (*i.e.*, *liberated*) to say *yea* to God's advances: is it at the same time free to say *nay*? And conversely, the will of the sinner is free enough to say *nay* to God; is it at the same time sufficiently free, sufficiently liberated, either proximately or remotely, to say *yea* and take God's side? These are questions for Augustinian students.

10. These remarks are no surface impressions, no second-hand ideas. They are the judgments of one who has lived some seven years in St. Augustine, reading, translating, annotating, lecturing. St. Augustine is not to be judged by dictionaries, encyclopædias, theological, polemical treatises, claiming his authority on this side and on that. He must

be read in his own text, with due regard (as in the case of Plato also) to the date of the several compositions. For the matter of Predestination, the treatise to read and read again is the *De correptione et gratia*, "Of Rebuke and Grace," written A.D. 427, three years before the Saint's death. The two subsequent treatises, *De praedestinatione sanctorum* and *De dono perseverantiae*, eloquent and impressive as is the second of the two, really add nothing to what you read of Predestination in *De correptione et gratia*. Whoever has a first-hand knowledge of *Rebuke and Grace*, and understands the bearings thereof, knows St. Augustine's whole mind on Predestination; he who does not, can speak with no authority on the point. These are the remarks of an enthusiastic admirer, who is yet no blind follower of Aurelius Augustinus. His eternal objection to Augustinian Predestination is that it leaves the "reprobate" no chance.

JOSEPH RICKABY.

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**Liberty, Obedience to Law:** "If by liberty you mean chastisement of the passions, discipline of the intellect, subjection of the will; if you mean the fear of inflicting, the shame of committing, a wrong; if you mean respect for all who are in authority, and consideration for all who are in dependence; veneration for the good, mercy to the evil, sympathy with the weak; if you mean watchfulness over all thoughts, temperance in all pleasures and perseverance in all toils; if you mean, in a word, that Service which is defined in the liturgy of the English Church to be perfect Freedom, why do you name this by the same word by which the luxurious mean licence, and the reckless mean change; by which the rogue means rapine and the fool, equality; by which the proud mean anarchy and the malignant mean violence? Call it by any other name rather than this, but its best and truest is Obedience. Obedience is, indeed, founded on a kind of freedom, else it would become mere subjugation, but that freedom is only granted that Obedience may be more perfect; and thus while a measure of licence is necessary to exhibit the individual energies of things, the fairness and pleasantness and perfection of them all consist in their Restraint. The noblest word in the catalogue of social virtue is 'Loyalty,' and the sweetest which men have learnt in the pastures of the wilderness is 'Fold.'"—*Ruskin: Seven Lamps: Obedience.*

## PAGES FROM THE PAST

### CHAPTER XII.

ONLY a few weeks before the great war broke upon the world it was my good fortune to spend an afternoon at Farnborough Hill and have tea with the Empress.

Among Pages from the Past that page of recollection may be introduced with, at all events, as much fitness as can be claimed for some of the others.

For years before her death the Empress Eugénie had dispensed with the attendance of a lady-in-waiting: never, indeed, at Farnborough had she affected in her household any semblance of a Court. Of Courts in Exile very much has been written: and though to a certain class of reader they have been made ground of a rather cheap ridicule, as if the essential of a Court were wealth and material splendour, to gentler minds such records have appealed more strongly than any Court chronicles of sovereigns still basking in the sunshine of power and prosperity.

But there is no doubt that the line fixed for herself by the Empress Eugénie from her coming to England as an exile, and adhered to with undeviating rigidity to the end of her life, added greatly to English appreciation of the unseen, unheard imperial guest. She made no public appearance anywhere: was heard giving no message: received no "interviewer": took part in no functions, opened no bazaars, laid no foundation-stones. Her name was her own, her rank was her own, and she kept both to herself, never during half a century allowing either to be exploited for any purpose, even of charity.

Thus her presence in England was never an embarrassment to the country or to its rulers from the day that she landed on its shores from Sir John Burgoyne's yacht. This resolute, unflinching adherence to a rôle of complete silence and seclusion was an illustration of two salient features of her character: she was a lady of extreme dignity and of immense common-sense.

From the time that she dispensed even with the presence in her household of a lady-in-waiting many of the services

usually rendered by such a companion were given to the Empress voluntarily, and out of personal regard and devotion, by Miss Isabel Vesey, a very old friend of mine. In England Miss Vesey did not even live in the Empress's house, though abroad, at Cap Martin for instance, she was frequently her guest for long periods.

It was owing to Miss Vesey that I was able to spend that long afternoon at Farnborough Hill, which I at least find so interesting to recall. She had spoken to the Empress about me and my books, and had been asked by Her Majesty to bring me to see her.

We first of all spent some time in the Museum of Napoleonic relics which the owner of Farnborough Hill had arranged in its grounds. The Museum is spacious and its contents are full of interest, of absorbing interest to one who has always been subject to the spell of the "Napoleonic Legend," an untiring student of its inexhaustible documents.

Roughly speaking, the Napoleon relics in the Museum at Farnborough Hill are divisible into four groups. (1) Those of Napoleon I. and the Empress Josephine, (2) those of the King of Rome, Napoleon II., (3) those of Napoleon III. and the Empress Eugénie, (4) those of their son, the Prince Imperial. Of the first group the collection is richer than one would expect to find in a Museum out of France, and arranged long after the hasty departure from France of the Empress. No doubt these objects were, at the date of the sudden fall of the Empire, and the flight of the Empress from the Tuileries, far from Paris, safely installed in houses, such as the Château of Pierrefonds, which were her private property, and soon recognized as such by the Republican Government. Pierrefonds is huge enough to house the contents of all the Museums of the world: in the Farnborough Hill Museum there is a large and beautiful oil-painting of it: but it would be hard for any painting to do justice to its beauty and grandeur, or to give an idea of the charm of its surroundings. Within a few weeks of seeing the picture I was at Pierrefonds, during the Retreat from Mons. The enormous fortalice, if it suggested war, suggested wars ended centuries ago, and lay smiling in a broad light of peace.

No one could look at such a King's home and not think of Windsor, but it is not at all like Windsor: it does not loom darkly above a winding river, with a town gathered about its feet. There is no river by it, and no town. It shines

whitely in the sunlight, on flattish upland country, not a park but a chace.

I have said that there are many relics of Napoleon I. at the Farnborough Museum: swords and other accoutrements and weapons, coats that he wore in battle, one of the famous cocked-hats, decorations, articles of personal use while he was campaigning, and so on.

There are very beautiful dresses of the Empress Josephine's (surprisingly tiny to us who have only seen her full-length portraits), and many other of her personal belongings.

Among the larger objects is the magnificent State Carriage in which the Empress Eugénie was driven to her marriage with Napoleon III., and there is the other one which carried her to her Coronation. There is also a bijou pony-phaeton sent by Queen Victoria for the Prince Imperial as a child: again, a little complete Highlander's costume for him from the same friend. There is his cradle, with all its bedding.

Then there are many of his books, uniforms, guns, etc.

We spent a long time in the Museum, for no idea has been given here of the copiousness of the collection.

Then we went up to the Château—though not built for the Empress it is more like a château than an English country-house. She enlarged it but did not alter its character: the heraldic decorations of the original owner remain as placed and to them none of her own have been added.

The stone fire-place of the entrance hall, displaying the arms of the gentleman who built the house, remains also unplaced and unaltered. Under a wide awning, just outside the door opening upon the high terrace, we found the Empress. She was sitting in a chaise-longue of wicker, reading a little, and chatting a little with the gentleman who had been the Emperor's Secretary, and since his death had been her own.

She was then in her eighty-ninth year, but had not the appearance of an old person. Her slim graceful figure was upright, with no stoop of the shoulders, and none of the sinking down into itself so commonly seen in very old ladies. Nor, had she the manner of an old person, or when she talked, the voice of one. She was younger-seeming than most ladies of sixty.

I could not, myself, trace any resemblance between her as

I saw her, and the portraits I knew so well of her as she looked in the heyday of her husband's prosperity. They were painted sixty years earlier, and it would not be surprising if there had remained no trace of identity. Yet many have declared that to the day of her death she was like what she had been at the time of her marriage in 1853.

Like or different she was a beautiful woman still: the features, the eyes, the lines and form of the face, were all beautiful: but with a stronger expression of intellect in the old face than there had been in the young.

When the Empress moved and walked then, least of all, could one think of her as very old. She walked beautifully, and so few have this special grace—it is not an accomplishment, " deportment." Nothing gives a greater air of dignity, though many an Italian peasant-woman has it, especially among the women of the hill-countries. When it is there, as it was with the Empress Eugénie, it seems as much the play of a natural function as breathing, as unconscious and as unlearnt.

While we were at tea the Empress, as I was the stranger, talked almost exclusively to myself: at first about books and my own books. Then, when that duty was done (and I think it was done as a duty) we spoke of France, and of friends I had there: among whom the oldest of my friends were relations of her husband's family. One of these, I had always suspected, had neither loved the Empress nor been loved by her, and at the mention of the name she began to look at her rings, and to move them on her fingers. This I knew was a danger-signal, and slipped off to another subject.

Presently the Empress said:

"But, besides being a writer, are you not in the Army?"

Then we talked of the Army, and she was much more at her ease among the soldiers than among the books, *my own or anyone's*.

All questions of practical detail really interested her, especially such details as concern pay, allowances, etc.

She loved to hear what pay a Chaplain received, from his first employment as an "Acting Chaplain without Allowances" to the time when he was a First Class Chaplain—how he ranked: to what foreign stations he might be sent, and for how long at a time, what leave he got, why he was not liable to turns of service in India, and whether non-

Catholic Chaplains, having wives and families, got more pay, or more allowances, than Catholic Chaplains.

It interested her extremely to hear about Officers' Messes, their quarters in barracks, the furniture in those personal quarters, and in their Ante-rooms, and Mess-rooms: whether it belonged to them or to the War Office: who bore the expense of a move when a regiment was shifted abroad or to another home-station.

But what interested her most of all was to hear about our regulations concerning married soldiers of warrant-rank, non-commissioned rank, or privates: how a soldier might be married "on the strength of the Regiment" or "off the strength" but with permission, and eligible for the admission of his wife to fill a vacancy on the strength when such should occur: how, on the contrary, a soldier marrying without permission had no such claim, and might never succeed in getting his wife "on the strength," though sometimes he might. It seemed to give her extreme pleasure to hear details of the *ménage* of married soldiers: how for their accommodation there were "Married Quarters": of what these houses consisted, front parlour-kitchen, working-kitchen, coal-house, bedrooms—and how many bedrooms: that married soldiers drew rations for their families, proportionate to their numbers, and also drew coal-rations also proportioned to the numbers in the family: that the washing of officers' and men's linen, bed and table-linen, was "put out" among the married soldiers' wives, and paid for, so that each soldier's wife could thus earn something regularly for her family—all these things the Empress heard with interest, putting many questions, and making comments of strong approval.

"How practical the English are," she said, "never overlooking the importance of little things."

It happened that then she spoke of the Emperor and his last illness, and of the surgeon who operated upon him. Finally we spoke of some friends with whom I had lately been staying in her own country, and she told me to tell them she would like them to come and see her. She remembered them well.

I asked her if she remembered kissing the gentleman—when he was a boy of twelve. His father was then British Ambassador in Paris, and the Emperor and Empress had come, on a semi-official occasion, to the Embassy. The boy had been given the duty of presenting Her Majesty with a

bouquet as soon as his parents had welcomed her at the foot of the steps: when she received it the Empress had stooped down and kissed him.

"He declares," I told her, "that he wouldn't wash his face for three weeks afterwards!"

I asked her if she also remembered having received from another English boy of twelve a letter, accompanying a novel, requesting her permission to dedicate the book to herself.

"Yes, I do remember it," she answered, "was it yourself?"

"Yes, Ma'am. It was the first novel I ever wrote."

"That I guessed! I was so sorry to refuse. But I have never accepted the dedication of any book since I came to England."

It was amusing that she said this with all seriousness, as if it were quite necessary to excuse herself for not agreeing to such a proposal from a boy of twelve.

"Why were you so anxious to dedicate your book to me?" she asked.

"Because I adored Napoleon the First," I replied, with more instant sincerity than tact.

She smiled, and we talked a little of my hero-worship of the great Emperor.

Presently, after an hour's talking, it was time for Miss Vesey and myself to go. I was returning to Salisbury Plain and there was not more than time to reach the station. Within a very few weeks I was marching along the roads of invaded France, often side by side with French soldiers, whose fathers had been her husband's subjects.

"She says," Miss Vesey told me, as we walked down the hill, "that her life has had one dream between two realities. The old life in Spain was real, and the life, since 1870, here in England: they are separated by the dream, which was the Empire."

She did not strike me as one who would ever care for dreams.

Just before starting for America, in 1919, I was at Farnborough Hill again—my cousin with me. We had been given permission to come and see the pictures. The Empress we could not see. She was ill and confined to her own room. Her niece (*à la mode de Bretagne*), Madame D'Atainville, took us through the rooms and showed us the pictures, furniture, etc.

The former are chiefly portraits, of extreme interest, by

great painters, representing various members of the Bonaparte dynasty and family. The latter constitutes a fine collection of the best examples of French *meubles*.

About ten days before the date of our visit the Empress had had an accident. Coming down alone from her own rooms, she fell from the top of the stairs to the bottom: and must have done so with considerable noise, as the person who heard it was the cook in a rather distant kitchen. Rushing to the spot she found the Empress lying at the foot of the stairs, blood flowing from her forehead. But the Empress was soon upon her feet again, and preparing to go back to her room again.

"But, Ma'am," said the cook, "won't Your Majesty find it very hard getting up the stairs again?"

"Not so hard as I found it coming down," the Empress replied: and up she went.

JOHN AYSCOUGH.

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**St. Paul's Letters:** "Whilst I diligently listen to the reading of Blessed Paul's letters, often twice a week or three or four times, according as we commemorate the holy Martyrs, I rejoice with gladness, delighting in that spiritual trumpet: I am stirred up and glow with desire recognizing a voice that is dear to me, and, it seems to me almost looking upon the presence of the man himself and hearing him talk. All the same, I grieve and take it amiss that everyone does not know this great man as they should: nay, that some are so ill-informed about him that they have no clear notion even of the numbers of his Letters. This does not rise out of incapacity, but rather from unwillingness to have constantly in hand the writings of the Saint. As for myself, whatever I know, if indeed I know anything, is not owing to my goodness or quickness of intellect, but comes from the fact that, out of my intense affection for this man, I never cease to read his writings. For those who love appreciate more than all others the deeds of those whom they love, as being full of sympathy with them."—*St. John Chrysostom: Preface to St. Paul's Epistles.*

## SOME PHYSICAL PHENOMENA OF MYSTICISM

THE MYSTIC AS A HUNGER-STRIKER. II.

**I**T used formerly to be urged against the credibility of the Lausiac History of Palladius and other similar chronicles of the monks of the desert, that the feats of abstinence therein so frequently recorded were physiologically impossible. Undoubtedly many of these fasts are very startling to our modern notions. The pilgrim lady, Ætheria, at the end of the fourth century, speaks of a whole confraternity of ascetics, then known as *hebdomadarii*—perhaps we might say “week-enders”; to call them the “weekly-ones” would certainly sound inappropriate—who throughout Lent took no food from the Sunday evening until the following Saturday afternoon. To observe such a rule for six weeks consecutively would seem a great feat of endurance, and, as already noted, this was not confined to one or two individuals of exceptional physique, but appears to have been the practice observed by a whole band of fervent worshippers who were not regarded after all as doing anything very extraordinary. The historical evidence in this case is excellent and first-hand, but it is a satisfaction to find that the pathological experiments undertaken during recent years by such investigators as Dr. R. H. Chittenden and Dr. F. G. Benedict fully establish the ability of any ordinarily healthy subject to support such a strain without permanent injury to the system.<sup>1</sup> Dr. Noel Paton, who more than thirty years ago reported on the case of the Frenchman, Alexandre Jacques, states in the latest edition of his *Essentials of Human Physiology* that “when a man is kept quiet and warm and supplied with water, a fast of thirty days may in many cases be borne without injury.”<sup>2</sup> No doubt can now reasonably be entertained that Stefano Merlatti, who in 1886 went without food for fifty days; Dr. Tanner, who in 1881 accomplished forty; Succi, Jacques, Penny and others, who in modern times have all

<sup>1</sup> See Benedict, *The Influence of Inanition on Metabolism*, 1907; *A Study of Prolonged Fasting*, 1915; *Human Vitality and Efficiency under prolonged restricted Diet*, 1919. Carnegie Institution Publications: Nos. 77, 203, 280.

<sup>2</sup> Noel Paton, *Essentials of Human Physiology*, 5th Edition, 1920, p. 291.

supported the same deprivation under test conditions for thirty days or more, performed their self-imposed task without any fraud or imposture. Of course they all drank water, but they abstained from all forms of what is commonly regarded as nourishment.

There is, however, a wide difference between a fast of seven weeks and one of seven months or seven years. Nothing can be plainer from the detailed reports which we possess of all these performances, than that the subjects, as they approached the term they had set before themselves, were drawing near the utmost limits of their physical endurance. In the case of Merlatti's fifty days this was particularly noticeable. The doctors watching the sufferer's condition were thoroughly alarmed, and implored of him to desist.<sup>1</sup> All Paris may be said to have breathed again when the fiftieth day was at last safely reached. On the whole, I think we should have to say that the experience of the professional fasters points rather to the conclusion that any long protracted abstinence from food, and especially from food and drink together, puts an almost insupportable strain upon the system. If this be continued for more than a couple of months, and leaves the vitality of the subject to all outward appearance unimpaired, we are led to assume the operation of some influence or force which is apparently not explainable by ordinary natural causes.

And yet before we commit ourselves to any definite conclusion we must take account of the fact that there is a considerable body of evidence, in cases where no supernatural intervention can reasonably be looked for, attesting the continuance of life without either food or drink, for periods, not only of three or four months, but of three or four years. Let us begin with an example from Kincardine in Ross-shire, which was reported to the Royal Society through the intermediary of the Right Hon. James Stewart Mackenzie, Lord Privy Seal of Scotland. The sufferer in question was one Janet McLeod, a young woman, who at the age of 15 had had an epileptic attack, and at 19 another of a still more serious nature which confined her to bed for several months and left her without any control of her eyelids, so that, unless she raised the lid with her finger, she was quite unable to see. A third epileptic seizure when she was 28 reduced

<sup>1</sup> See the full report written by Doctors Monin and Maréchal, *Stefano Merlatti, Histoire d'un Jeûne célèbre*, 1887.

her to a still more pitiable condition. She became a helpless invalid, and on Whit-Sunday, 1763, her jaw became fast locked. Her father with a knife forced it open enough to introduce a little thin gruel or whey, but it all, or nearly all, ran out again. From this time, for more than four years, it is stated that she took no food and lost all desire for it, except that on two occasions her jaws for a while relaxed and she asked for water. All the normal excretory processes were suspended, except, of course, from the lungs and skin. The doctor who reports the case declares that when he saw her the girl was not at all emaciated. She was confined to bed, the legs bent up under the body, but she slept a good deal, and he adds that "at present (*i.e.*, in 1767) no degree of strength can force open her jaws." This report, which is printed in the *Philosophical Transactions* of the Royal Society, continues as follows:

In some of the attempts to open her jaws, two of the under fore-teeth were forced out; of which opening they often endeavoured to avail themselves by putting some thin nourishing drink into her mouth; but without effect, for it always returned by the corners; and about a twelvemonth ago, they thought of thrusting a little dough of oatmeal through this gap of the teeth, which she would retain a few seconds, and then return with something like a straining to vomit, without one particle going down; nor has the family been sensible, through observing of any appearance like that of swallowing, for now four years, of her consuming anything except the small draught of Braemar water and the English pint of common water which she took in July 1765.<sup>1</sup>

We are further told that the details of the case were taken down by the bedside of the sufferer from the lips of the father and mother, "people of great veracity, who are under no temptation to deceive, for they neither ask, nor expect, nor get anything." The statement is further attested by witnesses of standing who lived in the neighbourhood and who spoke highly of the strict religious principles of the family. "Their daughter's state," it is said, "is a very great mortification to them and universally known and regretted by all their neighbours." The same doctor visited the girl again five years later, when he found that she was beginning to swallow a little crumbled oat-cake introduced through the gap in the

<sup>1</sup> *Philosophical Transactions*, Vol. LXVII. p. 5.

teeth. Two years afterwards the jaws relaxed and life became more normal.

One would hesitate perhaps to regard this case as very satisfactory, but for the existence of similar instances in other parts of the world, which certainly do not in any way depend on the account just given, and lend it some indirect confirmation. For example, in the *Bibliothèque Britannique*, a Swiss periodical published at Geneva, we may find the report drafted by certain men of science in that city of a visit paid to an unfortunate sufferer, Josephine Durand, who, they allege, had already lived for four years without either solid or liquid food. The poor girl was quite blind and also paralyzed. The lower limbs could be pinched or punctured without her experiencing any sensation. The jaws were convulsively locked, but this did not prevent her making herself understood, though with some little difficulty of articulation. What lends the case exceptional interest is the fact that the girl was a Catholic while her scientific visitors were apparently not of that Communion. Normally she could take neither food or drink, the very idea was repugnant, but they tell us:

We have learned that being devotedly attached to the practices of the Catholic faith she communicates pretty frequently, that is to say about once a month. She then receives a fragment of the Host small enough to pass through the opening where a tooth has been extracted, and the presence of this small particle of solid in the oesophagus does not seem to excite the same convulsions as the action of the liquid normally does.

The visitors were anxious to be convinced as to her difficulty in taking nourishment; and so their account states:

At our request she made an attempt to swallow half a spoonful of plain water, an experiment which always exhausts and distresses her more or less. We made the liquid to trickle in by the gap in the teeth. The deglutition of it appeared difficult and painful and its presence in the stomach instantly produced a convulsion which cast all the liquid out of the mouth again. This experiment was followed by a sort of paroxysm which lasted a quarter of an hour, but died away by degrees.

The impressions of the visitors, both as regards the girl herself and her home and surroundings, seem to have been highly favourable. They say, for example:

The moral character of this poor creature inspires deep in-

terest and true admiration. Her patience and resignation are extreme, as also have been her sufferings. Lying for four years on her back in the same attitude, tortured by pain, and at intervals by hunger and thirst, cravings which sometimes last for as much as a month together, uniting in some sort in her own person every form of misery, she still would not allow us to pity her. She was bent on showing us that there might be many people more unfortunate than herself. She turned the conversation from her own troubles, she even tried to amuse us with little jests which were not without point, and one might see now and again a smile flit across the lips usually compressed with the habit of suffering.<sup>1</sup>

The visitors noted that the abdomen was constricted and seemed to lie quite close to the vertebral column. They also declared that the family, while affording every facility for examination, refused all presents and were well known to make this an invariable rule. Some of them came quite prepared to detect imposture, but the only suspicious point they could find in the case was the fact that the poor sufferer was held in veneration by the peasantry for some miles round as one in repute of sanctity. In truth, the account I quote from, in view of the high character and simple directness of the parents, dismisses these suspicions as unreasonable. The proposal was made that Josephine should be brought to the town and kept for a while under strict medical observation, and to this the girl and her parents at once readily agreed. The political disturbances of the times, however, rendered it impossible to carry this suggestion into effect, and a few years afterwards the girl died without any autopsy being attempted.<sup>2</sup>

A somewhat more recent case, which acquires importance from the fact that it was observed by a doctor acquainted with the pathological theories of the latter half of the last century, is that of Marie Furtner, of Frasdorf, in Upper Bavaria. If, on the one hand, her fast was less remarkable because she continued at all times to drink large quantities of water, still, on the other hand, it is alleged to have lasted for over forty years. The girl, as far back as 1835, after various illnesses, came to take a violent disrelish for all forms of solid food, and by degrees allowed nothing to pass her

<sup>1</sup> *Bibliothèque Britannique*, Vol. III., Sciences et Arts, p. 182.

<sup>2</sup> A reference to her death is made in a note at the end of the 10th volume, Sciences et Arts, of the *Bibliothèque Britannique*.

lips but draughts of cold water from a mountain spring in her native hamlet. A doctor interested in the case made it known to some of his more learned colleagues. Pressure was used to persuade her parents to allow her to be brought to Munich, and the girl was placed in a hospital, where she was committed to the charge of two nursing-sisters, sworn to keep her under observation night and day. The girl's health suffered under the conditions of city life, and she also grew very homesick. Consequently, after an experiment of twenty-two days, she was sent back to her parents, but during her stay she consumed no solid food of any kind and drank nothing but water, neither was anything discovered about her suggestive of fraud. One of the young doctors concerned in the experiment, Dr. Karl von Schafhäukl, afterwards became a University Professor, and upon Marie Furtner's death in 1884 he published a short essay on the subject of her extraordinary abstinence.<sup>1</sup> As he there points out, the girl and her family bore the very highest character in their native village. No profit of any kind, but only trouble, accrued to them from the strangers who, hearing of the phenomenon, occasionally visited the spot. Marie maintained her aversion to solid food down to within a few months of her death. The successive parish priests who ministered to the spiritual wants of the locality all spoke highly of her, and were convinced of the fact that her abstinence was genuine. She in no way courted notice; it was the doctors who in the first instance spread the story of her avoidance of food and who brought her to Munich in 1844. Moreover, although the girl was a devout Catholic, the case was never represented as having any religious complexion.<sup>2</sup> From all these circumstances, and others too complex to detail, Professor von Schafhäukl convinced himself that, incredible as existence in this foodless condition for forty years might appear, the facts of the case could not rationally be disputed.

While no one will for a moment dream of denying that a large number of pretended fasters were simply impostors trading on popular credulity, still a little investigation dis-

<sup>1</sup> *Ein physiologisch-medizinisches Rätsel; die Wassertrinkerin Jungfrau Marie Furtner*, von Dr. Karl E. von Schafhäukl, Universitäts Professor in München, Munich, 1885.

<sup>2</sup> "Die Untersuchung hatte mit irgend einem mystischen oder religiösen Motive überhaupt ganz nichts zu thun; es handelte sich nur um eine gesicherte Feststellung einer Thatsache"; *ib.* p. 10.

closes the existence of a far greater percentage of well attested cases than would be readily believed. When Prosper Lambertini, afterwards famous as Pope Benedict XIV., was engaged upon his great work, *De Beatificatione et Canonizatione Sanctorum*, he addressed a request to the Academy of Sciences at Bologna asking for a scientific opinion upon the supernatural character of the many remarkable examples of abstention from food which were recorded in the lives of candidates for beatification. The Institute in question appointed a commission, and a memorial on the subject was drafted by J. B. Beccari, which, in 1880, a distinguished Italian physician, Dr. A. Corradi, in the *Annali Universali di Medicina*, which he then edited, characterizes as "bella e severa dissertazione." This dissertation is printed as an appendix to Book IV., Part I. of Lambertini's great work. In it Beccari, while fully recognizing the likelihood of imposture, credulity, mal-observation, etc., in the majority of reported cases, still upholds the genuineness of certain well attested examples of long-protracted abstinence from food, where no supernatural causation can be reasonably supposed. Acting upon this view, Lambertini, practically speaking, lays down the rule that prolonged fasts must never be assumed to be miraculous when they have originated in any form of illness or when the exercise of full bodily activity is not at the same time maintained by the faster. In spite of the still primitive condition of medical science in the first half of the eighteenth century, it seems to me that Beccari's reasons for putting confidence in the better attested cases of fasting phenomena, even when protracted for three or four years, are fundamentally sound. The question whether an invalid does or does not consume food or drink, and whether the excretory processes are or are not suspended, is after all a simple question of fact. A sharp-eyed child may often in such matters be a better witness than the most learned physician in Europe. Now, as Beccari points out, the medical faculty in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries were fully alive to the danger of imposture; they did subject their patients to severe tests and provided that they should be rigorously watched. The very fact that after the publication of Wier's book<sup>1</sup> there was a good deal of controversy upon the subject, compelled them to lay stress upon such precautions. Beccari accepts four cases as satisfactorily proved,

<sup>1</sup> J. Wier, *Tractatus de Lamiis et Commenticiis Jejuniiis*, 1582.

the first being that of Apollonia Schreier, which has been recounted in detail by the physician Paullus Lentulus. This girl of eighteen, living in the hamlet of Galz, a few miles from Berne, in Switzerland, and suffering from some mysterious disease by which the lower part of the body was half paralyzed, had gradually begun to eat less and less until she refused both food and drink altogether. She was brought to Berne by order of the magistrates and kept for three weeks under strict observation in a public hospital. Her mother was also incarcerated, and rigorous inquiry made about the conduct and antecedents of the family. Nothing was discovered pointing to imposture of any sort. There were no excretions; the girl's abdomen looked, as Lentulus said, just as if it were that of a corpse from which all the viscera had been removed. Yet the rest of the body was not notably emaciated. Lentulus first saw her at the end of January, 1602. She had at that time, so it was alleged by her parents, taken neither food nor drink for eleven months. On the last occasion when he visited her, *i.e.*, in July, 1603, the conditions of her abstinence had not been changed; and she was still living in May, 1604, when his booklet on the subject went to press.<sup>1</sup>

Not less remarkable was the case of Margaret Seyfrit, a little girl of twelve, at Rodt, near Speyer. Her illness does not seem to have been of the same serious character as that of the fasters previously mentioned. She suffered pain in her head and in the abdomen, and was covered with boils, but she was not in any way confined to bed. Still, the child gradually gave up eating, and after a year or more, she refused to take any kind of liquid, so that from the month of May onwards, in the year 1540, though the summer was exceptionally hot, she could not be persuaded to swallow so much as a spoonful of water. The Bishop of Speyer intervened. In 1541 he had the child confined and closely watched for ten days, but she resisted all efforts to induce her to take food or drink, and no trace of fraud was discovered. Somewhat later, the commandant of a castle in the neighbourhood brought her there and kept her under observation for five days, but with no better success. In 1542, when the abstinence from both food and drink had already been going

<sup>1</sup> *Historia Admiranda de prodigiosa Apollonia Schreiera, Virginis in agro Bernensi, Inedia, etc.* Paullo Lentulo auctore, Berne, 1604. There are three copies of this rare booklet in the British Museum.

on for nearly two years, Ferdinand, King of the Romans, came to Speyer and heard of this extraordinary case. He ordered his own physician, Gerard Bucoldianus, with others of his suite, to subject the girl to a rigorous investigation. She was again carried away from home, stripped and clothed anew from head to foot, closely watched night and day for twelve days, while tempting delicacies were put in her way. She could be persuaded with much coaxing to put a cup of wine or water to her lips, but if she took the smallest sip she at once spat it all out again. This was the doctor's own account of the matter, and he failed to discover any symptom of imposture.<sup>1</sup>

But there are quite a number of such cases attested by good medical evidence. They belong to many different periods and many different countries, and the circumstances, symptoms, and also the ages of the subjects are extremely varied. There is an example of a Jewish girl in Russia, who lived from September, 1724, to June, 1726, taking no food and next to no drink, but at the same time showing no signs of extreme emaciation.<sup>2</sup> In another French case a girl is said to have lived eleven years without solid food.<sup>3</sup> Still better attested is the story of Louise Gussie of Anglefort en Bugey. From January, 1770, to August, 1773, she took no food at all, and during two years of that time she drank nothing but plain water. Her doctor, M. de la Chapelle, sent a report of the case to the Paris Académie des Sciences, in the course of which he remarks:

It is impossible to suspect any imposture in this phenomenon. The woman lives with her brothers and sisters in a poor hovel just below the crest of a steep mountain out of reach of all curious visitors, where the art of deception has never penetrated, and where such a trick would not bring in six sous by way of alms in the whole of a twelvemonth.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Two reports of this case by distinguished physicians are preserved. That of Bucoldianus was several times printed in the same year, 1542. Three copies, printed respectively at Speyer, Paris and Louvain, all in 1542, are in the British Museum. Another account is given in the *Epistola* of Johannes Langius, Bk. II. Ep. 27.

<sup>2</sup> The case is quoted by Corradi in the *Annali Universali di Medicina*, Vol. 251 (1880), p. 567, from the Proceedings of the Academy of St. Petersburg.

<sup>3</sup> Corradi takes this from Leroux, *Journal de Medecine*, xxx. p. 151.

<sup>4</sup> See *Histoire de l'Académie Royale des Sciences* for 1774, pp. 15—17, where the story of the case is given in detail.

In Italy, Prof. L. Rolando apparently gave full credence to the case of Anna Garbero, of Raconigi, who is stated to have lived 32 months and 11 days without any sort of food or drink. Rolando himself, after her death, performed the post-mortem and published an account of it in a pamphlet.<sup>1</sup> Similarly, at the seventh congress of Italian scientists, held in Naples (1846), Dr. Borrelli made himself guarantee for the genuineness of a fasting phenomenon observed in a girl in the Abruzzi who, owing to a convulsive stricture of the oesophagus, which came on whenever food was put to her lips, lived, so it was said, for three years without eating or drinking.<sup>2</sup> The latest case which seems to have attracted attention is that of Zélie Bourriou, a peasant woman from Périgord. At 45 years of age she became an inmate of the Bourdeilles hospital, and remained there under strict observation from March 9th to July 12th, 1896, 125 days in all. During this time she took nothing but an occasional draught of *eau panée* (toast and water), which her stomach rejected at once. Slices of fresh bread and other comestibles, continually renewed, were left in a drawer of her room, but she never touched any of them. The mind was undoubtedly affected, owing to the death a long time before of her husband and four children, but it was stated that for nine years she had not taken food, and the people of her own village believed the story. She lived alone, and no baker, butcher or farmer remembered ever to have sold her anything to eat.<sup>3</sup>

Although we may readily admit the existence of a large number of cases of imposture in this matter, still where detection has followed, as it often has, the motive for the fraud has generally been quite intelligible. Anne Moore, "the fasting woman of Tutbury," who, under rigorous surveillance, broke down on the ninth day of an attempted fast, and made a full confession in 1813, had deposited £400 in the funds the year before, the proceeds of her trickery. Further, her early history was by no means creditable, and she had children who apparently acted as her confederates.<sup>4</sup> Still, in several of the cases we have been considering, even vanity

<sup>1</sup> See Corradi in *Annali di Medicina*, Vol. 251, p. 568.

<sup>2</sup> Corradi *ibid.* who quotes from the *Atti della Settima Adunanza degli Scienziati italiani*, 1846, p. 81.

<sup>3</sup> See A. de Rochas, *La Suspension de la Vie* (1913), p. 25.

<sup>4</sup> Anne Moore is honoured with a notice of two columns in the *Dictionary of National Biography*. The imposture had been successfully maintained for nearly seven years.

or the craving for notice could hardly have place. The interest of playing a part soon evaporates when there is no audience to play to, or where it is limited to the members of a small family circle.

But if we admit the reality and the natural character of these prolonged abstinences how can we reconcile the facts with the laws of physiological science? How can the metabolism necessary for the continuance of human life be maintained under such circumstances for three or four years together. Probably no adequate solution can at present be offered. The cases that occur are too rare and are for the most part attended by such pathological conditions in the sufferer as to prevent the possibility of thorough scientific observation. When an attempt was made to induce Marie Furtner to submit herself to a second period of medical examination at Munich, the self-respect of the modest Catholic peasant at once took alarm. She declared she would rather die than allow herself again to be watched, weighed, pulled about and stared at by a crowd of strange men. The same happened in the case of Louise Lateau, when certain doctors of the Belgian Academy of Medicine were very anxious to persuade her to undergo a similar test of her alleged total *inedia*. In view of the extremely severe surveillance and the publicity entailed we cannot be surprised that in both instances, and especially in that of Louise Lateau, whose life was then entirely spent in communion with God, the idea of such an ordeal was utterly repugnant. From the refusal to submit to it it would be quite unreasonable to deduce any presumption of bad faith.

On the other hand, physiologists seem to suggest that in cases of starvation the actual cause of death is not mere inanition. It is hunger, as Bernheim puts it, not lack of food, that kills the man. At the same time we are meant to understand by hunger, not only the craving for nourishment, which ordinarily ceases to be acute after the first few days, but the mental condition induced by fear, fretfulness, insomnia, and worry. As long as there is flesh upon the bones, the vital organs, and more especially the brain and nervous system, are nourished at the expense of the muscular tissues. For what period of time this can go on is difficult to determine. But so long as the brain is at rest, to which effect a state of trance, ecstasy or certain forms of amentia probably conduce, the transfer of these reserves proceeds unimpeded,

though the whole organism is living on its capital. The process of exhaustion is probably very slow, though we know uncommonly little about the conditions of metabolism in such cases. The quasi hibernation of certain Indian fakirs who allow themselves to be buried in the ground for forty days, or even for four months, without air or food, presents an analogous problem, but the fact seems well attested.<sup>1</sup> Everything points to the conclusion that to maintain life under these conditions the fakirs adopt some method of auto-hypnotism. When Professor Luciani, who has made a special study of this subject, tells us that death in cases of starvation is due to the breakdown of the *sistema regolatore*, by which he means the nervous system, he is evidently laying stress upon the same order of ideas.<sup>2</sup> With regard, then, to the wonderful fasts of Catholic mystics, we seem justified, even from the standpoint of modern science, in adopting the conclusions of Benedict XIV. If these long abstinences from food have their origin in a diseased condition of the organism, and if they are attended with a prevalent state of ecstasy and a suspension of the normal activities of life, we cannot safely conclude that we are dealing with a condition of things which is of supernatural origin. If, however, it can be proved that this entire absence of nourishment, as seems to have been the case, for example, for some years with Louise Lateau, is maintained concomitantly with the continual discharge of ordinary duties, then natural causes supply no explanation of the phenomenon, and we are justified in inferring the intervention of miracle.

HERBERT THURSTON.

<sup>1</sup> See for example, *The India Journal of Medical and Physical Science*, Calcutta, 1836, pp. 389—391; and also J. M. Honigberger, *Thirty-five Years in the East*, Lond., 1852, I. pp. 127 seq.

<sup>2</sup> L. Luciani, *Fisiologia del Digiuno*, Firenze, 1889, pp. 156, 157.

# MISCELLANEA

## I. CRITICAL AND HISTORICAL NOTES

### GIVE A POPE A BAD NAME AND—

THAT among the 260 legitimate occupants of the Chair of Peter a few exceptional individuals deserve to be characterized as "bad Popes" will hardly be disputed by any candid student of ecclesiastical history. But there are a much greater number who, either on account of the political passions of contemporaries or through the anti-clerical prejudice of later times, have been held up to execration with very little reason. Of this last category few have had judgment meted out to them in harsher measure than Pope John XXII., "the Pope of the Beatific Vision." Probably his worst crime in the secret thought of many of his most violent assailants was that, having been elected Pontiff at the mature age of 72, and thus giving rise to hopes of an early vacancy of the See, he had the bad taste to live on for 18 years, maintaining the while in every department an administration of almost unparalleled vigour and efficiency. Certainly John XXII. had many enemies, neither will anyone pretend that he was free from faults; but those who have been in most intimate contact with the first-hand sources of information—the editors, for example, of his voluminous *Regesta*—have formed a very different opinion of his character and activities from that which we meet in the *History of the Inquisition*, by Dr. H. C. Lea. This writer, according to his wont, has raked every discreditable story together, assuming that because a Pope was the object of this scurrility, the accusations must of necessity be true.

In justifying the charge of avarice which is given the most prominent place among the many indictments which Dr. Lea levels against John XXII., the historian begins by saying:

His quenchless greed displayed an exhaustless fertility of resource in converting the treasures of salvation into current coin. He it was who first reduced to a system the "Taxes of the Penitentiary" which offered absolution at fixed prices for every possible form of human wickedness, from five grossi for homicide or incest to thirty-three grossi for ordination below the canonical age.

We leave this question of the taxes of the penitentiary aside for the present. It may some day perhaps be worth while to devote an article to the subject, though a complete refutation of this baseless and preposterous charge has long ago been provided in the book of Father T. L. Green, *Indulgences, Sacramental Absolutions and the Tax Tables*; but let us pass on to another count in Dr. Lea's indictment which requires less explanation. The whole charge here turns on a bare point of fact:

After John's death [so he continues], when an inventory of his effects came to be made, there was found in his treasury eighteen millions of gold florins, and jewels and vestments estimated at seven millions more. Even in mercantile Florence the sum was so incomprehensible that Villani, whose brother was one of the appraisers, feels obliged to explain that each million is a thousand thousand. When we reflect upon the comparative poverty of the period and the scarcity of the precious metals, we can estimate how great an amount of suffering was represented by such an accumulation, wrung as it was, in its ultimate source, from the wretched peasantry, who gleaned at the best an insufficient subsistence from imperfect agriculture. We can, perhaps, moreover, imagine how, in its passage to the papal treasury, it represented so much of simony, so much of justice sold or denied to the wretched litigants in the curia, so much of purgatory remitted, and of pardons for sins to the innumerable applicants for a share of the Church's treasury of salvation.

We note how Dr. Lea, with the righteous indignation of the anti-clerical fanatic, dots the *i*'s and crosses the *t*'s so that no one should overlook the sufferings of "the wretched peasantry" whom he chooses to set before us, without one shred of evidence, as the principal victims of this unscrupulous papal greed. If we mention the subject here it is because it has indirectly been recalled to our memory by the tone of Mr. Turberville when speaking of the same Pontiff in his recent book, *Mediæval Heresy and the Inquisition*:

The controversy (between the Conventional Franciscans and the Spirituals) came to a head under Clement's successor, the resolute and aggressive John XXII., to whom the pauper ideal was particularly obnoxious. He was extremely avaricious and full of worldly ambitions which involved him in frequent wars in Italy. This pontiff—possessing in his nature not one single feature in common with St. Francis—determined on restoring order within the Franciscan fold and bringing the Spirituals to obedience, etc.

Well, in all this there is much that may be matter of opinion and that will be interpreted according to the preconceived views of the critic. But the question of fact stands out. Did John XXII. leave behind him in the papal treasury a sum of eighteen millions of gold florins? The papal account-books, still in existence, provide the means of making the calculation, and G. Mollat, the editor of John XXII.'s *Regesta*, with E. Göller, have undertaken the task. They find that the actual sum in the treasury was somewhere about 750,000 florins; it certainly did not amount to a single million.<sup>1</sup> Can any further comment be necessary?

H. T.

ST. AUGUSTINE AND "POLITICS."

**A**SERIES of lectures, dealing with "The Political Aspects of St. Augustine's 'City of God,'"<sup>2</sup> could hardly fail to bear some resemblance to the famous chapter on the snakes of Ireland. It is hardly too much to say that the *De Civitate Dei* has no "political aspects"; though its author does reiterate the expression of certain very general principles, of which the application depends on a great variety of circumstances such as he could not possibly foresee. Of the principles the chief are: (1) That justice must be observed as between States no less than between individuals; (2) that where justice is violated defensive war is legitimate; (3) that good Government, whether exercised by a King, or by an aristocracy, or by elected officials, rests ultimately on the acknowledgment of God's supreme dominion; and (4) is guided by the conviction that all delegated power wielded by man is entrusted to him for the good of the governed. Hence, "here upon earth the rule and regality that is given to the good man doth not return to him so much good," in the temporal order, "as it doth to those that are under his rule and regality" (iv. 3; translation in Crashaw's edition). There are, it is true, certain strongly-worded anti-imperialist passages. They deal, however, rather with what might have

<sup>1</sup> See G. Mollat in the *Revue d'Histoire Ecclésiastique* V (1904), pp. 525-530. The whole article, which is entitled "Jean XXII fut-il un avare?" deserves careful reading. It is continued in the number for the following January. Compare also E. Göller, *Die Einnahmen*, pp. 122-124, as well as the earlier papers by Sägmüller and Father Ehrle.

<sup>2</sup> By John Neville Figgis. London: Longmans. Pp. 132. Price, 7s. 6d. net.

been, or ought not to have been, than with what he may be conjectured to have thought about the immediately practical politics of our own day. "Why," he asks, "should any Empire make disquiet the scale unto greatness?" (iii. 10). Great empires are the result of victorious wars; and if these have been unjust, and not waged in self-defence against the encroachments of neighbours, then the big empires are big thieveries. For "to war upon one's neighbours, and to proceed to the hurt of such as hurt not you, for greedy desire of rule and sovereignty, what is that but flat thieving in a greater excess and quantity than ordinary?" (iv. 6). Had there been no jealousies on the part of Rome's neighbours, "the kingdom of the earth would have continued little in quantity and peaceful in neighbourly agreement" (iv. 15). Yet no argument can be drawn from such passages either for or against what Mr. Brailsford, in a recent work, has called "the Balkanization of Europe." To St. Augustine, forms of government, actual or possible, are matters of indifference except in relation to the principles on which they are put into operation. And while he regrets the "big thieveries" of the past he is no revolutionary, but reminds the good citizen that the oppression of his rulers is "no scourge for his guilt but a trial of his virtue." The good man is free though he be a slave; the vicious man is a slave though he be a king, and he serves as many masters as he has vices (iv. 3).

Except then, in so far as the late Mr. Figgis sends us to the pages of St. Augustine himself—for he does not actually quote all the above passages—his lectures have proved somewhat of a disappointment, as raising expectations which have not been realized. Nor, unless we are very much mistaken, will the bulk of his readers be greatly interested by the endless succession of references to the opinion of a multitude of German critics (Weinand, Fenestein, Reuter, Reinkens, Schmidt, Scholz, Seidel, Sommerhad, Ritschl, von Eicken, Manstach, Eestädt, Dalm, etc., etc.) concerning the teaching of St. Augustine. The author's style and method approach perilously near to the ponderously pedantic.

We naturally turned with special interest to the lecture on "The Church." Mr. Figgis is doubtless justified in holding that the visible hierarchical Church is not conterminous with the *Civitas Dei*, which reckons among its members many who are outwardly severed, though no fault of their own, from ecclesiastical unity, while, on the other hand, many profess-

ing Christians will at the last day be found to have forfeited their franchise. But no shadow of an argument can be drawn from this statement to the effect that St. Augustine held the strange notion or theory of an "invisible Church"; and it is only fair to the author to say that he does not attribute this view to the great African Doctor.

H. L.

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#### LAMBETH AND ROME.

CANON FRANCIS UNDERHILL publishes in the *Church Times* for February 1st the text of a paper recently read to the South Birmingham Branch of the E.C.A. It is a contribution to a question which is now becoming topical, viz., whether the recent deliberations of the Lambeth Conference are likely to lead on to any practical effect in hastening the movement for reunion between the Catholic and the Anglican Churches. Canon Underhill writes in a most cordial style, of the sort which, so far as courtesy can work for the *rapprochement* of the two Churches, is all that could be desired. He begins by noticing some criticisms which have been lately passed on the Lambeth Report's supposed omission of this wider aspect of the movement, and the concentration of its attention on what is called Home Reunion, or reunion between the different fragments into which the Reformation Church has split. Canon Underhill protests a little against this, and reminds us apologetically that eminent Roman Catholics have said that "Rome will never look at us until we are reunited with Nonconformists at home." This, however, is quite a misapprehension. Rome—to use the small but significant word by which we ourselves and our attitude to this great question of Church unity are commonly described—takes an intense interest in all who approach to her point of view, whether they be many or few, though she takes the more interest in them in proportion to numbers of those associated with them.

Canon Underhill, so well-disposed is he, actually begins by protesting on our behalf against the declaration made by the Lambeth Report that the cause of reunion between us is at present barred by difficulties not created by Anglicanism. He has in mind the intense and enduring prejudices against Rome which have embittered our inter-relations for wellnigh four hundred years, and made the typical English family re-

gard it a much greater crime if one of their children goes over to Rome, than if several of them give up Christianity altogether. He also blames the history text-books which, while dwelling with indignation on the number of the Marian martyrs, pass over without blame the even greater number of Catholic martyrs condemned to deaths of unimaginable cruelty for the simple offence of saying Mass. Canon Underhill asks whether in view of all this, and the further iniquities of the Penal Laws, Anglicans can really think that the way to reunion is not barred by difficulties which England has helped to create.

Still we do not think that the Canon need fear that these past persecutions or the bitter polemics of current controversy will cause a permanent obstacle to a better understanding. It is true that there is still a considerable prejudice against Rome in the country which we suffer from and regret. But our feeling is that there is much less of it now than in former days, and at that we rejoice, and can with him take consolation that our dear country is tending towards a return to Catholic unity. It would, however, be too much to say that it is certainly coming, for there are many difficulties to be removed first, and it seems to us that the Canon does not altogether appreciate where they lie. May we then venture to point out to him what they are, and how impossible it is to think that they could be satisfactorily removed by the single process of admitting Anglican clergy to conditional ordination by the Roman rite, even if there were a large number of them prepared to accept this solution?

It is a serious step to receive a candidate into the ranks of the priesthood, and our ecclesiastical authorities, before they could receive a candidate from Anglicanism, would feel the need of taking many precautions. It is not as easy a case as that which arises when an ordinary Catholic young man aspires to that office. The latter, if he shows the signs of a clerical vocation, has to go through a course of clerical studies and spiritual exercises, which last for so many years as are necessary in order that he may attain to the degree of theological knowledge and spiritual equipment which in the estimation of his bishop would justify his assuming the responsibilities of the priesthood. But, if it were question of admitting to reordination Anglican clergymen, there would be needed many more preliminary steps. They could not

be raised to the Catholic priesthood until, to begin with, they had first been received into the Catholic Church, to which, on our supposition, they do not yet belong. Then they would have to manifest signs of a vocation to the clerical state, which according to Catholic discipline includes a life of celibacy. Finally, their theological training would have to be ensured by a period of study qualifying them to teach all the doctrines and practices of the Catholic Creed and the Catholic spiritual life. And of course all these things would presuppose a conviction of their necessity, a thing which could not be ascribed to an Anglican clergyman except on personal grounds, and which, if he possessed it, would move him to enter the Catholic priesthood in the ordinary way.

Many other difficulties are suggested but not removed by Canon Underhill's interesting paper. Despite its candour and charity, it indicates an attitude and an outlook fatal to reunion. The sentiments of Catholic writers who speak without authority are misleading grounds of hope: they will only cause delay and confusion. To all zealous Anglicans longing for unity we would say—Do not pin your faith to anything impossible. Do not, for instance, say we can never submit to the papacy as long as it is despotic. If you do that you take up a position which is perfectly hopeless, for the decisions of the Vatican Council are defined dogmas, and the Catholic Church can never go back on those. Or, if you prefer to put it thus, if the Catholic Church goes back on those, she will by her own acknowledgment go back on herself, and will simply cease to be. It may well be that you do not at present see how you can accept the Vatican position. Still there have been many excellent men, Newman for instance, who felt that once, but had no difficulty after deeper investigation in changing their mind absolutely. Prayer, study, goodwill befit the seeker after truth. The Catholic Church exists, One and Visible. Ask yourselves prayerfully, why do you not see it?

S. F. S.

## II. TOPICS OF THE MONTH

### A Lead from America?

The coming spring is rife with events and situations of the greatest importance to the peace of the world. The Allied Conference now sitting in London has to settle whether the Treaty of Sèvres, which purported to determine the fate of Turkey and Asia Minor, is to be enforced or modified. A delegation from Germany is coming to discuss the bill for reparations recently presented by the Allies, and much depends upon the result of that discussion. More important, perhaps, than either is the accession to power on March 4th of the new President of the United States, who may be expected finally to determine American policy in regard to Europe, hitherto held in suspense by the political impotence of Mr. Wilson. We wish we could see in any quarter unmistakable signs of a growing sense of the world's solidarity and the interdependence of nations for security and prosperity. Yet, strange to say, the United States, formerly the very type of pacifism and the antithesis of the Prussian spirit, is now, in her gigantic naval scheme, entering upon the very course pursued by Germany before the war. Instead of insisting, as her financial position allows her to do, on a universal limitation of armaments, she is planning in the old Jingo style a navy "second to none." The reason may be that she feels that she has been hitherto preserved from aggression in the Atlantic and the Pacific by the British fleet, and has been able on that account to uphold the Monroe doctrine, but why should she now rush to the other extreme and determine to be wholly independent of outside aid? After all, the policing of the Seven Seas is the common care of all maritime nations, and all should be ready to take a hand in it proportionate to their individual concern. If there is to be a new world-order this surely is the main feature of it, that the security of civilized communities is reflected in the society of nations itself and is due to the same cause,—not to individual prowess or strength or preparedness, but to reliance on mutual good will and to a common purpose to obey law and preserve peace. We are aware that, in aiming at security through personal strength, America is but following European precedent, set now as formerly by the present Allies, but we had looked to her to rise superior to that old-world folly and to give the lead to the nations in setting on foot a wiser and more Christian plan. We notice with pleasure that Mr. Harding intends, as one of the first acts of his administration, to summon a conference to consider the limitation of armaments. Such a project will be resisted by the Jingoes everywhere, who are more concerned with might than right, but should receive the support of all sensible Christians.

**The Question  
of  
Reparations.**

Courts a sum of money is transferred from his account to that of his successful adversary. The one is richer, the other is poorer for the result. But the case between nations is not so simple. We cannot convey a lump sum in gold from the German treasury to our own: there is not enough gold coinage in all the world to cover even the modified bill presented by the Allies, and Germany needs the comparatively little gold she possesses to give her paper money some appreciable value. There remains only two other forms of reparation, viz., goods and services. Under the present Capitalist wage-system reparation in either form would ruin multitudes of workers and employers here, by the introduction on a large scale of sweated goods or sweated labour. It comes to this, that the only way in which Germany can restore to the Allies even a fraction of the wealth of which she deprived them in the war is by becoming enormously rich and thus able to buy in huge quantities the goods on the export of which national prosperity, as it is understood by Capitalism, depends. *The Times* is insisting that Germany is already enormously rich and quite able to pay the fine imposed upon her, but how she can do so without injuring the commerce on which we live is not disclosed. The economic interdependence of nations is only just becoming to be properly recognized. When the people cease to listen to the political experts and consult their common sense, they will realize that a sickly or impoverished member of the family of nations is but a source of injury to the rest. The war has reduced all Eastern Europe to poverty, and in consequence Western Europe is suffering as well, and will go on suffering until Russia, Germany, Hungary and the rest are able to buy its products. If Germany proves to be better off than we thought, the recovery will be all the more speedy.

**Religion  
wanted to ensure  
Peace.**

We have never denied that Prussianism, the spirit which animated the German Government for many years before the war, is an abominable and un-Christian thing, dethroning God to deify the State, and setting material power and prosperity above eternal justice. But Prussianism, though more cultivated and developed in Germany than elsewhere, is a vice of human nature, not a thing peculiar to the German character. Every man is a Prussian who puts his country before his religion, and national interest before morality. Prussianism is patriotism corrupt and run to seed. However, comparatively few adopt that evil philosophy with full consciousness. It influences them just

in proportion to their lack of true religion, for, if there is no supreme Creator, Master and Judge, then the State *is* the highest attainable authority. Unless, therefore, religion is a real thing governing personal belief and conduct, the individual who throws morality overboard in his private life will be apt to disregard it in national and international affairs. It was the practical atheism of the world's diplomacy that brought on the Great War. And that is why, for all its clamant necessity if civilization is not to perish, the League of Nations is still a mere dream. It has had its First Assembly, no doubt, and much seed was sown at Geneva last November which may later bear fruit, but the diplomatic business of the world goes on without it, and in defiance of its ideals. The peoples in whose interest it is conceived are not enthusiastic in its support. They have allowed the victorious Powers, America, France, and Great Britain, to spend yearly, ever since their victory, about £1,276,000,000 in armaments, and this although these States have in the League a guarantee of security much more cheap and reliable, although their potential foes are disarmed, and although their own populations are grievously overtaxed and unable to recover their past prosperity. Many European countries are spending more than their income owing to their inability to reduce armaments. The Allies—the irony of it!—are conferring on their late foes the benefits that they seem unable to bestow upon their own nationals. For instance, they are ready to protect Germany from outside aggression, and thus relieve her from enormous expenditure on army and navy. She can use all her resources in commercial development. No wonder she is recovering her prosperity. We have often urged that for the sake of peace and to bring to an end the war-spirit in Europe, the Allies should forgo the exaction of punitive reparations. It would benefit them in the long run, nay, almost immediately. Whereas the enforcement of their claims, just though they may be, will only prolong European unrest and all the miseries that result from hostile conditions.

**Why try to  
Indict  
a Nation?**

It may be said that such condonation of wrong-doing would encourage its repetition, whereas our aim should be to show that Prussianism doesn't pay, even in the material order. The answer to that is that the German nation does not own itself to have been in the wrong, and, what is more, it cannot be forced into that acknowledgment. Hence enforced penalties, instead of being accepted in a spirit of atonement, are only so much fuel to feed the fire of future revenge. The war started amongst the peoples in an outburst of lofty idealism, but it was common to both sides. Readers of such illuminating books as Princess Blücher's *An English Wife in Berlin*, where we get most val-

able first-hand evidence of the spirit of the German masses during the first phases of the war, will learn, perhaps with wonder, that it was exactly the same as that which inspired us, and that it was fed by exactly the same kind of information. The German people thought they were waging a war of defence against unjust aggression, that all their opponents were actuated by commercial greed, that they were guilty of all sorts of atrocities in the field, etc. The present generation will hardly be disabused of this notion until Europe is free from the atmosphere of belligerency, nor, be it added, have the aims and methods of the Allies, as disclosed in the Peace Conference and the various resulting treaties, given the lie to such impressions. Hence the frequent *Times* leaders, dwelling upon the iniquity of Germany and her subsequent intractability, insincerity, evasions, and bluff, though masterpieces of cogent judicial reasoning and lofty principle, are vitiated throughout by the assumption that the Allies are quite blameless, the Treaty absolutely just, the Germans wholly in the wrong. General Smuts, who was a member of the Peace Conference and a reluctant signatory of the Treaty of Versailles, told his constituents at the Cape<sup>1</sup> that for him Paris had been "a place of disillusionment, almost of despair, a seething cauldron of human passion and greed," and General Botha, another loyal member of the Commonwealth, does not hesitate to say that the result was "a bad and cruel peace." It was so, because it aimed at punishing a nation for the crimes of its leaders, without recognizing that the bulk of the people had no voice in the matter and, in so far as they supported their Government, did so under a misapprehension, and because, moreover, it means to punish a generation or two yet unborn. There cannot be repentance without conviction of sin, and that conviction cannot be aroused by external force. The Holy Father has over and over again counselled forgiveness of injuries and reconciliation, and it is in that atmosphere alone that moral regeneration is possible.

**A Plea  
for Permanent  
Social Peace.**

Recent events have shown more clearly than ever that the British worker is not a revolutionary. Though forming the bulk of the electorate he does not elect many of his own class to Parliament.<sup>2</sup> His representation in the Press—a sure sign of a vigorous and progressive organization—is small and of poor quality. His leaders are mainly moderate men and tend to become more so and merge into the bourgeoisie. He is

<sup>1</sup> Sept. 8th, 1919.

<sup>2</sup> Labour has 60 members in the House of Commons, and Capital, represented by the Federation of British Industries, 300, put there mainly by the Labour vote!

beginning to see that striking, his one means of self-assertion, is tantamount to suicide. The phenomenal growth of unemployment, showing how his very livelihood is at the mercy of forces, human and economic, beyond his control, has not stirred him to revolt against the wage-system. The authorities find he can be kept quiet by a scanty and demoralizing dole. The Government's bungling treatment of Russia moved him last year to spasmodic activity: he can still be relied on to utter periodical protests against the same Government's policy in Ireland. But he does not mean to act if action involves trouble or thought or risk. He is at heart and by long tradition tractable and law-abiding—not to say servile. It seems to us, therefore, that in this country, more than in any other, an enlightened social policy might readily bring about that harmony of classes on which the safety of the State depends. The class-war, so diligently preached abroad and so ruthlessly practised in Soviet Russia, has not yet become the workers' ideal here. There is still time to aim at that better distribution of wealth, that universal extension of private property, the lack of which forms the source of all social disturbance. For, however logically strong the position of Capitalism, the fact remains that, as worked here at present, it results in widespread social injustice. The bulk of the inhabitants of this country are practically property-less. They live on their labour, which is treated as a commodity, and, like other goods, is exposed to all the fluctuations of the market. Thus they have little security and less liberty. And lately the King's speech informed us that this social disease cannot be remedied by legislation, an unwise as well as a misleading statement, for it is likely to suggest to the sufferers other remedies which are not legal. Yet the first charge on a country is the support of its inhabitants, and if all English folk are not decently fed, clothed and sheltered, it is not because this island cannot provide the wherewithal, but because it is not developed as it ought to be, or because its riches are not fairly shared. There are various organizations for improving the relations between Labour and Capital, such as the "National Alliance of Employers and Employed"—why have they not spread and developed, if it is true that the main interests of the two are identical? Because they are only identical if both sides "play fair" and are governed by regard for each other's rights. If the employer sets out to pay as low wages as he can, and the worker's ideal is to work as little as possible, their interests, so far from being identical, are diametrically opposed. But give the worker a direct and progressive share in the prosperity of his firm, let him feel that his industry benefits himself as well as his employer, and there will be little fear of slackness.

**The Defects  
of  
Trade Unionism.**

Trade Unionism is the sword and shield of the worker against the attacks of unscrupulous Capitalism. Until it developed he was a slave of a ruthless competition both between employer and employer, and between himself and his fellow workers. And so there is reason to rejoice that membership of Trade Unions has increased in the United Kingdom from 2,400,000 in 1910 to 8,024,000 in 1919. It would be more satisfactory still if all the working population, men and women, skilled and unskilled, were enrolled in various unions and thus saved from possible exploitation. But satisfaction would be complete if the Trade Unions, thus constituted, could be trusted always to act fairly in regard to their own members and to employers. There is no real reason why they should not be incorporated and thus become amenable to corporation law: they should not claim the privileges of corporations without shouldering their burdens. And they should devise some means whereby exceptional talent and industry should meet their proper reward. Nothing deters the clever worker more from joining a Trade Union than the sense that he will not be allowed to develop the ability of which he is conscious. There are other ways of looking after the slow and the weak and the lazy than by keeping the rest at their level. The whole conception of Trade Unionism, both in regard to personal liberty and to industrial progress, needs careful revision, if it is not to fall greatly short of its possible utility. But of course Capitalism has even more need to revise its ideals and practices.

**Habits  
of  
Waste.**

Has it struck those who are shocked at the reckless national expenditure that characterizes this, as every other, bureaucracy, how very largely it is the reflection of the personal habits of the nation? If waste be defined as "consumption that is profitless either for rational delight, personal benefit or production—the destruction or employment of goods without advantageous results,"<sup>1</sup> it is obvious that this impoverished community is involved in it up to the neck. Thousands of the more wealthy are wasting their substance in various reckless ways in foreign pleasure resorts. Drink and dress, gambling, theatres, and smoking, indulged in to excess, account for much of the national expenditure at home. The Nation's Drink Bill in 1919 was £386,600,000, and £181,169,000 went up in tobacco smoke. Granting, as we must, that a certain amount of this was reasonable consumption, and allowing its due benefit to the national revenue, we have three or four hundred million pounds which a well-developed sense of thrift would have saved or employed in really productive enterprise. And if we add to this the millions

<sup>1</sup> Parkinson : *Primer of Social Sciences*, p. 205. (C.S.G.)

spent, unnecessarily, on *chiffons* and travel and amusement,<sup>1</sup> and the waste of coal and light and food that goes on constantly in the average household, we must own that much of the distress caused by after-war conditions, amongst those who have money to spend, is fictitious because self-induced. Economy has a very direct bearing on economics, for people who condemn the extravagance of the very rich, often sin just as badly in proportion to their own means. The old Catholic doctrine of the fiduciary character of wealth—that no one owns absolutely what he possesses but is accountable in conscience for the disposal of his superfluities—is universally scouted to-day, and not merely by non-Catholics. Yet money and external possessions are God-given talents which we are bound to use in our Master's service.

**Fresh Light  
on Outrages in  
Ireland.**

It is only natural and right that people in this country should be reluctant to believe without irrefragable evidence the stories widely current of infamies wrought in Ireland by certain sections of the British forces there. National honour is concerned, and national honour would be sadly smirched were it shown that the very principles and processes which it was agreed to call Hunnish were in danger of being called British as well. Unfortunately, evidence is multiplying that in many cases those tales are true; Lady Sykes and Lord Denbigh, who would be the last people, as our readers know, to yield evidence to baseless accusations against their country, have felt compelled to join those who testify that the Government, in the hope of breaking, speedily and finally, Irish resistance to English rule, has been ill-advised enough to use methods the morality of which will not bear scrutiny. Out of their own mouths they stand condemned. In the Irish debate of February 21st in the Commons, Mr. Bonar Law is reported to have said—" You cannot have inquiries [into alleged outrages] because they break the morale of the police." What is this but to acknowledge that these particular police reckon on not being called to account for what they do? If they are keeping within the limits of law and morality under grievous provocation, inquiries will surely redound to their credit. Yet the Government has persistently refused a public investigation which would disclose the true state of affairs in Ireland, and as they also refuse to publish the results of their own secret investigation into such notorious outrages as the burning of the business quarter of Cork, they cannot be surprised if the conclusion is that they dare not. And so the "competition in crime" must seemingly continue.

<sup>1</sup> There is a famous Tennis Tournament at Wimbledon in the summer. Seats to witness this contest, 500 in number at 3 guineas each, were advertised early in January. Application for these seats at that price amounted to 10,000, long before the closing date, Jan. 19th. This, in present circumstances, is not a healthy sign.

until public opinion, as yet largely ignorant of the truth, compels the Government to restore discipline to its troops and to abandon the mischievous experiment in "frightfulness" connected with the name of Black and Tan.

**The Need of  
Peace  
with Ireland.**

Meanwhile the necessity of the pacification of Ireland if the world is to regain peace in this generation is becoming more and more evident. Lord Grey has recently added his witness to that of General Smuts<sup>1</sup> and to that of the Coalition leaders themselves,<sup>2</sup> that not Germany nor Russia nor the Balkans, but the state of Ireland is the main cause of the world's continued unrest. According to Lord Grey—and he is only uttering what all know but what many dishonestly ignore—"there will be no real cordiality between this country and the United States, so long as the Irish question remains where it is." The States would long ago have joined the League of Nations, were it not for suspicions regarding Great Britain aroused by Irish affairs: the States would never be planning a colossal navy, did they feel able to trust in the good will and honest dealing of this country. The very effort which England is making to maintain security by forcibly holding Ireland in subjection is actually weakening security in other parts of the Commonwealth. Security both for England and Ireland depends, not on the bigger nation holding down the smaller by armed force for ever, but on the creation and growth of good will between them and on a recognition of geographical facts which make their close federation a matter of prime importance to both. England is Ireland's bulwark on the east and Ireland is England's bulwark on the west. It would be madness for them to quarrel. Peace between them, it is believed, was in sight at Christmas: an even greater body of public opinion in both countries demands peace negotiations to-day, for, paradoxical as it may seem, the methods of repression adopted are continually re-creating and strengthening the resistance that is held to justify them. We believe that if a truce were called, and a measure of peacefulness restored, fighting would never break out again. But at present the influences that make for peace are powerless, and though the Government may ultimately make a solitude, that is not the sort of peace that is permanent. Ireland has been "pacified" in that fashion more than once before.

<sup>1</sup> "The most pressing of all constitutional problems in the Empire is the Irish question. It has become a chronic wound, the septic effects of which are spreading to our whole system: and through its influence on America, it is now beginning to poison our most vital foreign relations."—Farewell Message, July, 1919.

<sup>2</sup> "So long as the Irish question remains unsettled there can be no peace either in the United Kingdom or in the Empire."—Election Manifesto, December, 1918.

**Palliatives  
of  
Unemployment.**

The Right to Maintenance when Out of Work is implicitly allowed in recent legislation concerning the unemployed, which grants 20s. to men and 16s. to women unable to find remunerative labour. The fund from which this dole is drawn is contributed mainly by the general taxpayer, who is thus punished for allowing the persistence of industrial conditions in which unemployment is a normal feature. The dole is miserably insufficient for a healthy or decent existence: the difficulty is that any nearer approach to a living grant would tend to make unemployment a more desirable condition than work. Such is human nature, which loves work of its own choice in kind and measure but hates compulsion. Hence the suggestion of Mr. Clynes that the dole should be raised to 40s., but should be refused to those who reject a reasonable chance of work—a wise provision if only it could be equitably applied. Wiser still is the suggestion frequently made that each industry which needs a reserve of labour should be taxed to maintain that reserve when not required, just as the country maintains a standing army for occasional contingencies. But that would need an organization of industry far more complete and efficient than we have at present. So the poor unemployed must wait until it pleases the politicians to make peace, and the politicians will make peace when the financiers are agreed as to the division of the world's sources of supply. Unemployment, as our old Manchester economists used to teach, is no bad thing, for it tends to lower wages and raise profits. That is Mammon's view, needless to say, not Christ's. But it also tends to raise revolutionaries, and, although that growth has not hitherto flourished on British soil, the ground is being carefully prepared for it by the heartlessness and want of vision of the educated and well-to-do.

**Down with  
the Pope!**

Good reason had the Divine Founder of Christianity to invest the man upon whom He built His Church with the name and qualities of a Rock, for it is on him and his successors, the Papacy which they constitute, that the gates of hell, with diabolical persistence though unsuccessfully, maintain throughout the ages their chief attack. This is natural in those who reject God and revelation, for the Papacy stands for a unique thing upon the earth, a living authority claiming to speak for God and to interpret His will and purpose. But this hatred of the Papacy extends even to the many who are sincere in their belief in God and who have some notion of a divinely-instituted Church, to all the Protestant sects and to the highest of High Anglicans. Canon Francis Underhill, whose candour and good will we elsewhere acknowledge, hopes for a "purified Papacy," which apparently will divest itself of its essential qualities of teaching

infallibly and ruling with authority, an amiable delusion suggested by the personal conjectures of a Catholic free-lance. The Papacy will never be so false to itself nor to its God-inspired development. The suggestion is as heretical as the more outspoken if less courteous declaration of the *Church Times*, which we had occasion to quote once before<sup>1</sup>—

The Papacy as an institution stands condemned. For the hundredth time it is false to its own pretensions. It divides where it pretends to unite, it paralyzes where it pretends to stimulate, it leads into the morass those whom it pretends to be guiding into safety. We are well rid of it. An odd sentiment, surely, from the heart of the City of Confusion. A *Church Times* correspondent in the current issue (February 23rd) calls attention to this root divergence between Catholicism and the sects by quoting a passage from Dr. Headlam's Bampton Lectures, "The Doctrine of the Church," to the effect that if the jurisdiction of the Bishop of Rome were repudiated the only effective barrier between ourselves and the Anglicans would be removed—"Experience seems to show [whose experience?] that it would be quite possible so to organize the Church of England that all members of the Roman Church now living in England might have in communion with it the religious system (apart from the Pope) to which they are accustomed." "Apart from the Pope"! A body without a head; a building without foundations; a school without a teacher; a mission without credentials! That in the last analysis is what our separated brethren postulate.

**Unfair  
Journalism.**

But this same Dr. Headlam is not content with abolishing the Papacy as now constituted. He, in common with less reputable assailants, is out against the present Pope. We are familiar with the action of the Protestant Alliance and the low Protestant Press in ascribing to the Vatican profound and constant political intrigue. It is part of the Protestant game to excite animosity against the Faith by ascribing to the Church a mania for interference with politics as such, always of course with a view to her own temporal aggrandizement and the spread of her evil rule over the souls and bodies of men. This bogey, in so far as it is not part of the general hatred of revealed and authoritative religion which "the world" must necessarily express, was started in this country by the political events of the Reformation, and it survives in the active Protestant mind ever since; not so commonly amongst the travelled and educated, as amongst those whose religious rancour and racial pride cannot brook the idea of a spiritual ruler. Strangely enough, our Conservative papers—the *Morning Post*, the *Spectator*, the *Saturday Review*, Black-

<sup>1</sup> See "The Pope or—Luther," *THE MONTH*, November, 1910.

*wood*, etc.—are nearly all liable to this mania: they suffer badly at times from Vaticanitis. It may be, as we have before suggested, because they are autocratic and imperialist in temper, and hate that freedom for the individual and that independence for the community which the adoption of Catholic principles inspires. Anyhow, papers such as these have constantly accused the Vatican of manipulating the war for its own ends, and always with a view to the overthrow of the British Empire, its chief enemy!

And now we have *The Church Quarterly Review*, edited by Dr. Headlam, an Anglican divine of the liberal school, indulging in its January issue in the usual vague, bitter, undocumented tirade against "Roman Catholic intrigue," put forward editorially<sup>1</sup> without any recognition of the fact that it is dishonest and unfair to accuse an organization of criminal and immoral conduct and not furnish any proof or indicate the source and nature of the evidence on which the accusation is based. All that the Catholic can do from his inner knowledge of the character of his Faith and its workings in the world is to stigmatize the indictment as false, the more so that it assumes an intimate acquaintance of the mind and aspirations of the Vatican which is manifestly beyond the reach of an outsider. A quotation is introduced which purports to be a declaration of the attitude of the Roman Curia, an expression of hatred of Great Britain and her "Anglo-Saxon Protestantism," yet we are not told who uttered the words or where. It may be that the editor has accepted some anti-clerical writings because they pander to his prejudice: at any rate the result must be stigmatized as a gross libel on the Vatican which is wholly incompatible with any ordinary regard for journalistic fairness and decency.

**The  
Coming Biblical  
Conference.**

It is a sad consequence of free will that the greater God's gifts to mankind are the greater opportunity is given the wicked to offend Him. In this sense the Redeemer Himself was set for the ruin of many in Israel, for the benefits He brought have enabled men to commit more heinous sins. So the Sacraments, means of grace though they be, have become for many a cause of deeper damnation. And so the Bible, the inspired record of God's dealings with men, has been wrested by the unstable and foolish to their own destruction. If the Scriptures rightly used lead the mind to God and to life, so, abused and misinterpreted as they commonly have been when taken from the care and guardianship of the Church, they have been the occasion of more misunderstanding of God's character and man's duty than any other single influence. This is especially true of the Old Testament, which turned the English Puritans under Cromwell and the Scotch Covenanters into fanatical savages, and, in the opinion

<sup>1</sup> The article, "The Problems of Peace," is not signed.

of many, is responsible, in the sense suggested above, for much that is reprehensible in the national character. How many young non-Catholics, for instance, have become prematurely acquainted with vice through having "the open Bible" put into their hands! So notoriously is this the case that the Protestant Head Masters some years ago<sup>1</sup> debated the question of introducing an "expurgated Bible" into the public schools, and we believe that the Clarendon Press has issued an edition of the sort. All this gives additional interest to the Bible Conference which, under the auspices of the Bishop of Northampton, is to be held at Cambridge in July, and at which the Catholic attitude towards the Sacred Scriptures will be fully discussed. What that attitude is, is indicated in general in the Pope's Encyclical on St. Jerome, and practically by the fact that the Catholic Church is now almost alone in vindicating their plenary inspiration.

THE EDITOR.

<sup>1</sup> See *THE MONTH*, Feb. 1912.

### III. NOTES ON THE PRESS

[A summary survey of current periodicals with a view to recording useful articles which 1) expound Catholic doctrine and practice, 2) expose heresy and bigotry, and 3) are of general Catholic interest.]

#### CATHOLIC DOCTRINE AND PRACTICE.

**Augustinianism** wrong in regard to Predestination [J. Rickaby, S.J., in *Month*, March, 1921, p. 223].

**Dead.** Communication with the [L. Roure in *Etudes*, Feb. 20, 1921, p. 457].

**Ownership,** The Catholic Doctrine of [P. Coffey in *Irish Ecclesiastical Record*, Feb., 1921, p. 126].

**Papal Supremacy** in First Three Centuries [Dr. Hyland in *Irish Ecclesiastical Record*, Feb., 1921, p. 182].

#### CATHOLIC DEFENCE.

**Catholic Church** in Ireland : Decrease of [P. J. Gannon, S.J., in *Irish Ecclesiastical Record*, Feb., 1921, p. 141].

**Divorce** : Renewed Attempts to introduce it in Italy [*Civiltà Cattolica*, Feb. 19, 1921, p. 311].

**Lambeth** Reunion Proposals : their inherent defect [*Tablet*, Feb. 5, 1921, p. 135].

**Wells's Outlines of History** criticised [F. H. D. in *The Sower*, Feb., 1921, p. 139].

**Y.M.C.A.**, Catholics and : The Papal Decision [*Examiner* (Bombay), Jan. 29, 1921, p. 41].

#### POINTS OF CATHOLIC INTEREST.

**Bible-Reading**, Catholic Neglect of [A. E. Whittington in *The Sower*, Feb., 1921, p. 136].

**Fasting**, Various Phenomena of prolonged [H. Thurston, S.J., in *Month*, Feb., March, 1921, pp. 148, 236].

**France and Holy See** : Rupture and renewal of relations [Abbé J. Klein in *Catholic World*, Feb., 1921, p. 577].

**Plates**, The late Father Charles, Sketch of his Life-work [H. Somerville in *The Christian Democrat*, March, 1921].

**St. Francis**, Social Mission of the Third Order of [*Civiltà Cattolica*, Feb. 19, 1921, p. 301].

**Unemployment** : true causes and palliatives of [*Christian Democrat*, March, 1921, p. 11].

## REVIEWS

### 1—PSYCHOLOGY AND MYSTICAL EXPERIENCE<sup>1</sup>

THIS is a thoughtful and suggestive study of various religious experiences, undertaken principally, it would seem, with the object of delivering that most engrossing field of inquiry from the over-psychologizing—in a rationalistic sense—to which it has been subjected by such writers as, for instance, William James, and of which it is in fact at the present moment the favourite topic. The author has succeeded, we think, in showing that that relegation of all religious experience, and particularly of the experience of "conversion" and the mystical life, to a department of psychological science, which it is the aim of modern students of the subject to accomplish, is far from justified, whether by its results or by the method of their attainment. The one would force us to concede identity where an instinct surer than psychology tells us that there can be none—between, say, the deliberately induced ecstasy of the Buddhist and the trances of a St. Teresa: the other ignores, or forgets, the sheer impossibility of a purely objective presentment of such experience, though a purely objective presentment is absolutely essential to success. Refine and distil as severely as you will, two ingredients at least will to the last elude your alembic, the personality, namely, of your subject, and your own. As the author says, "The fact at least filters through two personalities before it is catalogued and cross-indexed." Further: even were this (in fact, insuperable) obstacle removed, there would still remain an equally fatal bar to the orderly analysis and classification of religious experience. The Catholic, the Protestant, the Buddhist, the Mohammedan, speak entirely different languages; or rather, they mean entirely different things even when they speak the same language. The "conversion" of the Methodist is not in the least what the Catholic understands by the term: the God of the Buddhist, and consequently the whole complexus of his relations with the Divine, is far removed from the conceptions of the Jew or the Mohammedan. Generalization

<sup>1</sup> By Professor J. Howley, M.A., University College, Galway. London: Kegan Paul. Pp. 275. Price, 10s. 6d. 1920.

upon such facts as the psychologist can observe nullifies itself at once. Either it reposes upon superficialities, and is therefore itself superficial and worthless; or, illegitimately, in virtue of observed similarities, it forces whole classes of incongruent facts into preconcerted categories. But chiefly it is disqualified by its methodical denial of the possibility of any transcendental element in the phenomena upon which it works. All religious experience, it holds, *must* be confined to the realm of either "a state of mind or a state of nerves." It is, however, a maxim common to all the great Catholic mystics, exemplified in the very obscurity of their writings, that the inner things of the soul are simply refractory to all orderly exposition.

To the rescue of the insufficiency, which the writers criticized by our author cannot but feel attends upon their best efforts to assign a purely psychological explanation to the phenomena of religious experience, comes the theory of the sub-conscious, the Philosopher's Stone of the "subliminal self." In that vast field, lying below the activities of conscious life, are gathered the automatically accumulated impressions, experiences, and heredities of each one, not as dried specimens in a museum, but alive, active, synthesizing themselves into a second personality (or into several), inaccessible in normal circumstances to their owner, but capable, under the appropriate stimulus, of erupting suddenly through the superficial crust of conscious life and appearing to the subject as the result of a force exterior to himself. Hence the phenomenon of conversion, permanent or ephemeral, alike in the revivalist, the Catholic saint, or the hysteric.

But if this be true, whence in its turn comes the marvellous power of the subliminal self to accomplish spontaneously and in the dark what the conscious self so hardly does in the light of reason and reflection, and under the painful compulsion of the will?

We leave to the readers of this work the pleasure of following for themselves the fair and patient train of argument by which the author, conceding what he may, making no undue assumptions, but solidly establishing each course of his thesis as he builds it, restores to its place the action of that Grace of which De Fursac, in a passage cited by him, says, wildly, that he sees the day approach when we shall no more need it to explain a conversion than we need Jupiter to explain a thunderstorm. The author gives many inter-

esting details of the phenomenon of "conversion," collected from the history of religious movements in Ireland and Wales. He draws attention to the striking resemblance that exists between the exterior manifestations of that psychic revolution in the revivalists of the latter country and in the Catholic mystic, but simultaneously exposes the radical differences that distinguish both their origins and their place in the two religious systems. What is wholly, or in great part, due to physical reaction under strong spiritual stimulus, may well be identical even when the natures of the stimuli are poles apart.

But the most interesting part of this work, to the present writer at least, is that in which the author professedly treats of the mystical experience, and particularly of the "acquired" contemplation to which, under the name of the Prayer of Simplicity, Père Poulain's *Grâces d'Oraison* has recently given such a vogue. The claim of that well-known author that this form of prayer—the *simple remise* of St. Francis de Sales—occupies a position at the apex, as it were, of ordinary prayer and is not mystical, he examines very temperately and dismisses. Summing up Père Poulain's definitions into the phrase, "a meditation attenuated to a point," he asks whether in fact such a prayer is possible without the entrance of some new element beyond the normal constituents of meditation: whether a condition of soul can be *naturally* "almost static," as such an attenuated meditation must of necessity be, and at the same time "singularly dynamic," as Père Poulain unmistakably admits that it is? What is this concentration upon one vaguely apprehended point, this distaste for more varied activity, this feeling of impotence in regard of discursive thought, but the "ligature" of the mystics—incipient, perhaps, but undeniable? And what is the ligature but an index of an extraordinary Divine action upon the soul?

In his destructive analysis of Père Poulain's doctrine the author is in complete accord with such modern writers as De Besse, Saudreau, and Lamballe.

Professor Howley has written a book which is extremely well worth reading, both as an enlightening study of the varieties of religious experience in itself, and as a prophylactic against the too facile attribution of the facts of such experience to natural, even if recondite, causes, which is one result of the present widespread pre-occupation with positive and empirical psychology. Once again the great heretical

fallacy reveals itself: the undue extension and enforcement, namely, of a truth, whether of the natural or of the supernatural order, in isolation from its context.

One may permit oneself to regret, however (but they are minor points), that the author loses something in clarity by his addiction to a style which is not seldom rather dry and involved, and by such occasional idiosyncracies as his curious and awkward-sounding substitution of the participle "given," used as a noun, for the now completely naturalized *datum* or *data*.

There are, too, in the text, a greater number of printer's errors than are quite excusable in a work of this character.

## 2—THE PSALMS<sup>1</sup>

"THE main purpose of this work," writes the author in his Preface, "is to put within reach of divinity students, priests and the educated laity, such information as is required for the intelligent use of the Vulgate Psalter." The book must evidently be judged with reference to the aim of the writer, as thus set forth. He has come to his task well equipped with an abundance of knowledge, and many good things that he says are of a nature to provoke a desire for fuller treatment, which however, it must be admitted, would tend to narrow the circle of readers to professed scholars. As it is, Father Boylan may well be congratulated upon success in what was his endeavour. The late changes in the Breviary has resulted in the appearance of a whole crop of books on the Psalms, but we doubt whether any will be found quite so serviceable to the priest and others as the present volume.

This first volume contains an introduction of some sixty pages, dealing with the text and form of the Psalms, and the other usual matter. The various topics are dealt with in a clear and succinct way, without much in the way of proof strictly so-called. The question of poetical structure appears to us to be handled with especial felicity. In spite of some ingenious attempts along other lines, we believe that the view adopted by the author is certainly right, and will soon drive its rivals from the field, if indeed it may not be said to have

<sup>1</sup> *A Study of the Vulgate Psalter in the Light of the Hebrew Text.* By Patrick Boylan, M.A., Professor of Sacred Scripture. Vol. I.: Psalms 1—71. Dublin: Gill and Son. Pp. lxx. 300. Price, 17s. 6d. net. 1920.

done so already. "Hebrew metre," he writes, "is not primarily dependent on number of feet or on the quantity of syllables; it is dependent rather on the number of stresses or accent-beats, and connected lines are definitely related to each other by the number of their stressed syllables" (p. li.). This principle and that of parallelism, besides a general attention to the sense, must form the basis of any further division into strophes. Father Boylan follows up his remarks with some admirable illustrations in English of rhythmic and strophic Psalm-structure, and we cannot but feel some regret that in the English translation of the Vulgate Psalms, prepared by himself and printed opposite the Latin text, he did not boldly carry through this style of rendering. It might have proved more illuminating than many pages of commentary. On the other hand, he does not appear to have adverted to Père Condamin's editions of Isaiah and Jeremiah, which are of considerable importance in the development of this whole subject of poetical structure in the Old Testament. Another cause of some regret is that the introduction does not contain the decrees of the Biblical Commission on the Psalms; unquestionably they make law in the matter, and it is equally unquestionable that those for whom Father Boylan destines his book will wish to know to what exactly they are held. For this purpose a brief commentary upon the decrees would also have been useful. But perhaps we may hope for an appendix at the end of the second volume containing something of this kind.

This first volume contains the first seventy-one Psalms, taken in order. After a general view of the Psalm comes the Vulgate text with the author's rendering thereof, followed by some notes upon individual verses. We notice an increasing tendency among Catholic commentators upon the Latin and Douay-Challoner texts to bring out the sense of the originals; this is right and natural, and incidentally it shows how necessary it is to have a reliable Catholic version from the originals, such as the editors of the Westminster Version are now endeavouring to furnish. But this laudable desire not to lose sight of the inspired text itself makes heavy demands upon space, and we find ourselves wondering whether in such a work as this corrections from the Hebrew might not be printed apart in small type immediately under the text.

We shall not attempt much criticism of the author's treat-

ment of individual Psalms. The introduction to Psalm 44 (*Eructavit*) is a little wanting in firmness. The allegorical explanation seems the best, but it is difficult to prove that the royal bridegroom is called God. In Psalm 67 we have that dreadful bit of Latin, *Rex virtutum dilecti dilecti*, and so forth, of which Father Boylan cleverly makes sense, but (needless to say) he is obliged to distend his notes! On Psalm 71 he gives well, but all too shortly, an indication of the compenetration favoured by St. Jerome and St. Thomas: "the Solomon of the Psalm is a Solomon idealized beyond the limits of human royalty."

In conclusion, we offer the author our congratulations once more, and our best wishes for the second volume, and even for work upon the Psalms of a still more learned and critical kind. The Old Testament is the department of Catholic study which is perhaps most in need of well-trained and capable scholars, able to grapple at first-hand with the various problems of philology, archaeology, biblical theology, and the like. The natural capacity of the Irish for such studies is beyond doubt, and we look to the great institution where Father Boylan teaches for all that is best and most solid.

### 3—SCHOLASTIC THEOLOGY<sup>1</sup>

**W**E have here two mighty volumes, forerunners we take it of others to come, wonderful examples of subtle Spanish scholasticism. They show also great industry and wide reading, and both print and paper are beyond praise. We feel what a prodigious achievement it all is, how near it comes to reaching the ideal, if the ideal is to be sought along these lines. Still, the very excellence of the work done compels us to reflect upon the question of method. We can hardly suppose that such massive works as these are meant to be used as text-books in class; and even if they could be used profitably with Spanish students, this would hardly be the case with those of other nations. We look upon them as intended mainly for teachers, and for those who are engaged in special studies; and we find ourselves asking, will the lecturer or advanced student, who has mastered one of these tremendous treatises, be the thorough master of his subject, or how much will remain for him to learn?

<sup>1</sup> *Cursus Theologicus Oñiensis.* (1) *Tractatus De Gratia Christi.* Pp. xxiv. 896. 1916: (2) *Tractatus De Deo Creante.* Pp. xx. 774. 1921. Auctore Blasio Beraza, S.J. Bilbao : apud Elexpuru Hermanos, Editores.

The treatises of Grace and of Creation have this in common, that they are both largely concerned with Holy Writ. Nor is it the mind of the Holy See that this biblical foundation should be neglected; on the contrary, Pope Leo XIII., who insisted so strongly upon the following of St. Thomas, himself, in the *Providentissimus Deus*, laid it down that Scripture should be *prope anima*, almost the soul, of theology, and these words have been lately repeated by Pope Benedict XV. in his encyclical upon St. Jerome. In any case it is obviously needful that it should be so in the treatise on Grace, in regard of which St. Paul has so much to say, especially in the Epistle to the Romans. If, however, we prove Father Beraza's work by this test, we cannot say that it stands the test well. Perhaps it is a symptom of his attitude that there is no index to the Scripture passages at the end of the volumes, though, for that matter, the table of contents at the beginning is far too summary to enable the student to find his way easily about the books, even if he have already read them. Certainly it is ominous in the treatise of Grace that, in the bibliography, the Old Testament is entirely ignored, and even in the New, notice is only taken of St. John and St. Paul, and three books mentioned in all! We have the utmost respect for Père Prat's *Théologie de S. Paul*, as our author has, but among other good things in it he should have adverted to the ample bibliography for that part of the subject alone. When, on the other hand, we come to the scholastic theologians, there is an immense list, including some who are second-rate and some, it may be, who are third-rate. Involuntarily we recall the words of Father Kilber, S.J., in the first volume to the *Wircebburgenses*; he warns us, in words that we fear to translate into plain English, not to make too much of the number of such theologians, *quia numerum subinde faciunt vel jussi jurare in verba scholae aut magistri, vel soliti praeceuntem sequi turmatim ut grues aut oves, vel dotibus non pollentes aut quandoque cum bono Homero dormitantes* (Section 236).

If, then, we ask whether the reader would leave the book with any very definite idea as to the teaching of St. Paul, we find ourselves forced to answer in the negative; and on the whole we should say the same even of St. Augustine, although the mind of this important Doctor is set forth more scientifically. We even wonder what is to be said about St. Thomas himself, whose handling of the subject the writer of a dog-

matic treatise should set himself to explain, no less than that of St. Paul and the inspired writers generally. Dogmatic theology is not primarily an intellectual gymnastic, but the exposition of dogma, of Scripture and tradition; and after the authoritative decrees of the Church, St. Thomas is the most important exponent of tradition. Students are intended by the Holy See to be familiar with these essential *legenda*, and to build upon them, and to this end our treatises should be directed. We gladly acknowledge, however, that in the treatise, *De Deo Creante*, a much more serious effort has been made to grapple with the biblical problem, a sign whereof is the considerable bibliography dealing with the Book of Genesis. That being so, it would be ungrateful to press home our criticism of the treatment of the subject; we note, however, that the Biblical Commission is brought in somewhat after the fashion of a *Deus ex machina* (p. 473), and that it would have been opportune to discuss scientifically the exact theological note to be affixed to the opinion taking (or not taking) the pre-Abraham chapters of Genesis as historical.

The more we reflect upon the whole question, the more it appears to us that salvation and progress is to be found in an historical review of the whole doctrine under consideration, to be followed by the dogmatic treatment, much as in Father Pesch's great work, *De Inspiratione*. The reader will then be able to consider first the teaching of St. Paul, St. Augustine, St. Thomas, and so forth, in their own setting, more or less undisturbed by scholastic disputes; and when he comes to the second part will be able to follow the argument intelligently, because he will be able to refer back to the first part, where he will find the relevant passages in their original context. The present writer once proposed this treatment of Grace to a budding professor of theology, who at once put the idea aside as entirely beyond his strength; yet surely it is astonishing that a teacher, after such an admission, should be prepared to deal, not merely with this treatise, but with most other treatises also! And one cannot but hope that this historical study of the subject would engender a more scholarly and judicial frame of mind, the power and will to state an adversary's case at least as well as he states it himself, and to make full allowance for whatever element of truth there may be in it, as well as for the difficulties in one's own position. Father Beraza hammers at

*praemotio physica* in the good old style, and we are prepared in the main to agree with him; but if one reject it, the explanation of God's foreknowledge is no longer such plain sailing. Who knows but what an impartial historical review of the subject might even serve to bring out the fact that in the Catholic Faith there are mysteries?

It will be seen that the consideration of these two great tomes has led us to raise the question of method; that, we feel, is the really vital criticism. So many admirable works are written nowadays upon matters of positive theology, that a review of the development of a doctrine such as we have suggested should not prove very difficult. We are very far from wishing to belittle the value of Father Beraza's labours, or the industry and talent which he has brought to his task; on the contrary, we should more gladly see him undertake himself such a work as we have described, and we feel sure that he would execute it admirably. We would respectfully urge that a book of the kind suggested, as large as the treatise on Grace, and containing copious references to it, but much more minutely indexed, would be an undertaking of far greater value and lasting importance than the immediate completion of the course upon the lines already laid down.

#### 4—RECENT POETRY<sup>1</sup>

**W**HEN a book comes into the world out of convent cloisters there are many who receive it as a cup of cool water, drawn from a fountain bubbling up out of the silence at the Feet of God, into a place of pasture, where for very joy it has played before Him.

The world is full of thirsty folk, for the world's wells are not very deep, and soon run dry; nor are they hidden, but love to gush forth where all may see how little there is in its heart.

Yet there are in the world souls whose homes are so near to the well-spring of the cloisters that it bubbles up in their own gardens, and one of these, of her courtesy—*noblesse*

<sup>1</sup> (1) *A String of Sapphires*. Being Mysteries of the Life and Death of our Blessed Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, put into English Rhyme for the young and simple. By Helen Parry Eden, Tertiary of the Servants of Mary. London : Burns, Oates and Washbourne. Pp. xiii. 17s. Price, 10s. n.

(2) *The Tree of Life*. By A. V. Phillips. London : Harding and More. Pp. 80. Price, 3s. 6d.

(3) *The Little Wings*. By Vivienne Dayrell. Oxford : Blackwell. Pp. 80. Price, 5s. n.

*oblige*—gives drink in a jewelled cup to passers-by. She—Mrs. Parry Eden—has put her blue-bound book, *A String of Sapphires*, into the hands of the Mother of Sorrows, so that *she* may slake our thirst from the chalice of her own tears. But Mary's Seven Weepings spring from no bitter source, and if this chalice tastes of myrrh, is it not myrrh both sweet and healing? Sapphire-blue is the colour of Heaven and the favourite of its Queen, and I think it is the colour of faith and of comfort as well. Mrs. Parry Eden names her book after the prophecy of Isaias to homeless and lonely. "O poor little one, tossed with tempest and without all comfort, behold I will lay thy stones in order, and will lay thy foundations with sapphires."

To those whose house has fallen on its foundations of sand, she offers a site beside her well-spring, and tells of a Carpenter Who will make the door and windows.

If this sumptuous Rhyme-Book purports to be written for children, it is none the less good reading for contemplatives and sages, even had the author omitted the Appendix with its gracious erudition, which is as simple as only those lettered in a school of Catholic learning can make it.

It is written for children: for all Mary's children: for the educationalist (who does not get such refreshment every day), for those "tossed with tempest and without all comfort," for the man next door to him whose faith is annoyed by plaster pieties and suburban spirituality,—for you who love the clear-shining of "Our most sweet Jesus," and are homesick for Galilee, and for me who, grateful of heart, wait for another cup of cool water from Mrs. Parry Eden's well.

*The Tree of Life*, and other poems, by A. V. Phillips, is a welcome addition to our poetry-book shelf. Very Catholic in its simplicity of form and in strength of style and subject, it has the added dignity that is natural to a mind preoccupied with Christ forsaken, suffering and crucified. But lest Calvary's green hill be too shadowed a shrine at which to say one's Little Hours, Father Phillips shows the garden behind Calvary where the noon sun is high in a cloudless heaven, and daisies are good to look upon, just because they are daisies.

Vivienne Dayrell's *The Little Wings* are not unlikely to give some grown-up souls a lift Heavenwards. The book is charmingly personal, and unmistakably just as young and just as old as fifteen. Its author has energy of style that

is already developing into strength, and a vivid perception. Such a verse as this is pleasant to remember:

Five wires beset with twittering birds  
Against a burning summer sky—  
Was lovelier page of music set  
Than that by way of Amberley?

If some of her other lines lag a little, they will soon catch up with her quick vision. We are glad she is artist enough to have designed her own book cover. We must also congratulate her on having Mr. Chesterton for a literary god-father, and such a characteristic couple of pages for her introduction.

### 5—NEW BOOKS ON ETHICS<sup>1</sup>

**T**HE posthumous publication of the little work on Social Ethics, written by the late Rev. Walter McDonald, will not arouse such lively and hostile interest as did his previous attack upon the principles of Irish nationality and some of their implications. Yet the questions he raises—How far may moral or physical pressure be applied in the pursuit of rights? What especially is the morality of Trade Unionism and the Living Wage? Whether and to what extent Catholics may be members of Labour Associations?—are of very immediate importance. His book is written for priests, and he implies throughout that hitherto the priesthood of Ireland has not shown sufficient sympathy with the manual labourer, an accusation which will surprise many who know that, in Ireland as elsewhere, the Catholic Church is emphatically the Church of the poor. But labour in Ireland, perhaps just because of that want of sympathy, has to some extent come under the control of anti-Catholic influences, and a valuable part of Dr. McDonald's treatise is devoted to showing that purely economic theories, advanced with the desire of promoting the common welfare, should not be condemned on the grounds alone that they imply a radical alteration of the present social order. If Capitalism does not reform itself, its continued existence in its present shape may well prove intolerable to the labouring classes because incompatible with the exercise of elementary human rights.

<sup>1</sup> (1) *Some Ethical Aspects of the Social Question: Suggestions for Priests.* By Walter McDonald, D.D. London: Burns, Oates and Washbourne. Pp. viii. 219. Price, 7s. 6d. net.

(2) *Ethics: General and Special.* By Owen A. Hill, S.J. London: Harding and More. Pp. xiv. 414. Price, 21s.

This echoes a warning which has lately been often uttered in America and in this country by Catholic Sociologists: how far Dr. McDonald's colleagues in the priesthood need his counsels we have no means of judging, but speaking generally, the more the Catholic priest acquires a working knowledge of the principles of political economy, and rescues that important science from the materialistic influences which have so long dominated it, the better fitted he will be for his work to-day. Dr. McDonald writes as a theorist, discussing what modifications and expansions of the treatise *De Justitia et Jure* are demanded by modern conditions. His volume should be supplemented by the re-perusal of that very human and practical production of the late Father Charles Plater, *The Priest and Social Action* (Longmans), wherein the need of economic knowledge is even more emphasized, for the service not only of the Church but of the State as well, which, shut off from the Christian tradition, is always blundering in its estimates of the ethical bearing of legislation.

Much freshness is imported into Father Owen A. Hill's treatise on Ethics, which follows in the main the usual Scholastic arrangement, by a certain vigour of language, vividness of illustration, care in defining terms, and skill in marshalling arguments. He can be copious when expounding a thesis, sometimes indeed with more rhetoric than is in place in a scientific discussion, and also extremely concise in summing up the arguments for and against some doctrine. His discussion of "cases" is generally keen, clear and exhaustive, and when we remember that special ethics includes questions of lying, killing, property, socialism, marriage, etc., we can judge how thorny such "cases" may be. However, as we read his condemnation of Socialism, we cannot help being reminded of Dr. McDonald's warning against lack of sympathy for the impoverished and de-Christianized masses who, too conscious of their hard conditions of life, and finding no recognition of their human rights amongst Capitalists, want to destroy the Capitalist system which, *as worked*, is destroying them. We must discriminate between the ordinary Socialist, who merely wants to better his condition and sees no chance of doing so under Capitalism, and the anti-religious anarchic section, who too often act as leaders and spokesmen of the rest. Whilst recognizing the ability with which Father Hill treats the whole question of the relations between capital and labour we find a sounder view

of present conditions and of probable developments in the publications of such American social writers as Dr. John A. Ryan, Father Husslein, S.J., and the members of the National Catholic Welfare Council.

There is only one section of this excellent work to which we are compelled to take exception, and that is Thesis XV., which runs: "Woman Suffrage, though legitimate in exceptional cases, is fraught with dangers." Father Hill, in the development of this argument, shows himself unconscious of the vast changes which have taken place in regard to the position of women during the past generation. He uses contentions which belong to days passed by, beyond any likelihood of recall. No Catholic but will support him in assigning to the married woman the care of the home, but to imply that casting a vote once in five years or so is likely to interfere with home duties is absurd, whilst arguments drawn from the assumed mental superiority of the average male are equally out of place. Only in two spheres, one natural, the other supernatural, has God given certain of the male sex an official and limited supremacy: the husband is the natural head of the society called the family, whilst the supernatural grace and functions of the priesthood are confined to chosen men. There are many other differences of function and occupation involved in sex, but political ability is not one of them. At a time when the Holy Father is urging upon Catholic women the conscientious and assiduous use of the vote, which is destined sooner or later to belong to women on the same terms as to men, the grudging concessions of this thesis are altogether out-of-date, and it would make greatly for the utility and worth of Father Hill's book if he would recast the whole proposition in the light of facts.

One last grumble. The treatise would benefit much by fuller documentation. Certain authorities are cited, but only by name, and no indications are given as to what works are referred to.

#### 6—MEDIÆVAL HERESY AND ITS REPRESSION<sup>1</sup>

**W**E wish it were possible to deal with this latest contribution to Inquisition literature *en bloc*, and to commend it to our readers without reserves. Mr. Turberville's

<sup>1</sup> *Mediæval Heresy and the Inquisition*. By A. S. Turberville, Lecturer in Modern History in the University College of North Wales. London: Crosby Lockwood and Son. Pp. viii. 246. Price, 10s. 6d. net. 1921.

desire to be impartial is manifest. He has evidently been at pains to acquaint himself with Catholic authorities, and he has more than once paid a tribute to the rectitude of Inquisition officials where he felt he could do so conscientiously. Moreover, when Mr. Turberville has had the facts and the principles adequately set before him, we feel that his judgment is quite an honest one. We may not always agree with it, but we are forced to respect it as the opinion of a sane and independent critic who is only anxious that the truth should prevail. Unfortunately the book has been written too hurriedly. Probably the war is mainly responsible for this, for we learn from the Preface that the work was well in hand before hostilities broke out, and the author is now able to write the letters M.C. after his name as well as M.A. and B.Litt. Still the fact remains that a study of mediæval heresy is an undertaking of vast compass, and presupposes something of an ecclesiastical education, or at any rate, a real acquaintance with the philosophy and theology of the Schoolmen. Anyone who has even been through the ordinary seminary course required from all aspirants to the Catholic priesthood will know that an understanding of mediæval theology is no light matter. And over and above this, we have the extraordinary ramifications of the Averroist movement, the vast literature connected with the Spiritual Franciscans and the Fraticelli, the obscure workings of mediæval magic, the great controversy regarding the suppression of the Templars, and endless other matters. Any one of these might well form the study of a lifetime. Hence we cannot be altogether surprised that Mr. Turberville should occasionally be tempted to take his stones ready hewn, and to find a convenient quarry in such a generally belauded work as that of Dr. H. C. Lea. We have given on another page of this number (see p. 248) a fresh illustration of Dr. Lea's unreliability, and it is one in which he has dragged Mr. Turberville along with him, though the language of the latter is notably more restrained. Still the book before us is clearly written and interesting, even if we cannot call it reliable. When we read in the first chapter such a sentence as this: "There was extraordinary greatness in a Church that could produce a St. Bernard, a St. Francis, an Anselm, a Grossete," we at once recognize in the author a certain breadth of outlook which we do not unfortunately always find in other non-Catholic historians who deal with the same topics.

## SHORT NOTICES

### THEOLOGICAL.

**S**ANCTIFYING grace forms our title to Heaven, and so the possession of it is more to us than gold or rubies. We can acquire it as a soul-quality without understanding it: but, come to the use of reason, we can hardly preserve it, much less traffic with and increase it, unless we know something of its character, operation and effects. Hence the utility of short, clear, theologically sound yet popular expositions of this marvellous gift, such as Abbé Camille Sadet, Th.D., has presented in *La Grace Sanctifiante* (Lethieulleux: 2.80 fr.), putting within reach of educated Catholics a means of appreciating more fully and cherishing more carefully the *unum necessarium*.

The famous treatise of St. Bernard, *De Gratia et Libero Arbitrio*, has been translated and edited with notes by the Rev. W. W. Williams, M.A., Anglican rector of Drayton St. Leonard, under the title **Concerning Grace and Free Will** (S.P.C.K.: 7s. 6d. net). The spirit in which he has undertaken the work is indicated in the last sentence of his Introduction—"if anything has been written which either misrepresents the mind of St. Bernard or is contrary to the teaching of Holy Church, I unhesitatingly withdraw it." His competence is abundantly evidenced in his notes, which show thorough acquaintance with Catholic doctrine as expounded by St. Augustine, St. Thomas, and other Doctors on this most puzzling of questions—the relation between Divine omnipotence and human freedom. A book to be heartily recommended.

### APOLOGETIC.

Though dealing largely with incidents of missionary travel in Natal, Mr. Robert Keable's **Pilgrim Papers** (Christophers: 6s. net) is in reality an assertion of the Catholic Faith, professed first of all in Anglicanism and then, owing to the lack of definite teaching authority in that sect, seen to belong logically only to the Catholic Church. Mr. Keable puts his experience in the form of chatty letters presumed to be written by a certain "Francis Thomas Wilfrid of the Mission" to a friend, but we suspect he adopts that device merely to help him to greater candour in biography. Whosoever they are, they depict the apostolic labours of an ardent soul struggling, not merely with the material hardships of the missionary life, but with the doubts and temptations that arise from a false position. A lively and picturesque style and an observant eye make the book very readable.

Very few autobiographical data are given in **An Awakening and What Followed** (Ave Maria Press: \$1.50), by James Kent Stone, S.T.D., LL.D., a story of a conversion worthy to rank with Dr. Kinsman's *Apologia*. We learn from the title page that the convert was at one time President of Kenyon and Hobart Colleges and, afterwards, Father Fidelis of the Cross, Passionist; we gather from the dedication that he is still alive; we are told that the light came to him in the autumn of 1868, and that the bulk of the book, the "apologetic" part, was written fifty years ago. But after that the author strictly confines himself to the

story of his own spiritual evolution, except in the last few chapters, which concern more recent happenings and have little to do with the main purpose of the book. Such stories have a perennial interest, and in the hands of Father Fidelis his loses nothing that clarity of mind and intensity of conviction can give it. It represents of course the controversial position of fifty years ago, but, in spite of the heights to which Anglicanism has climbed since, and the mists evolved from Modernism, the simple issue remains, now as then—where is the teaching Church Christ founded? By what authority? That question is answered fully and satisfactorily in this able book.

Apologetic conducted by dialogue in an inn-parlour—a sort of French "Jack, Jock and the Corporal" with a difference—this is the subject of **Les Causeries de Lucien Roland** (Téqui: 5.00 fr.), by Jules Riché. "Lucien" conveys to his attentive audience in attractive form an enormous amount of information about the moral teaching of Christianity and its work in building up whatever is good and lasting in our civilization. He is well primed with apposite quotations and relevant statistics. An index would have made his Causeries more valuable.

#### DEVOTIONAL.

In Christ's last utterances before His Passion we naturally look for the summing up of His teaching, especially as they were directed to His own followers who did not need to have the truth tempered to them in the form of a parable. The devotional commentary on **Our Lord's Last Discourses** (B.O. and W.: 6s. net), which M.E.M. has translated from the French of Abbé Nouvelle, draws out with great skill and unction the meaning of these marvellous words, and emphasizes the obligations, whether of love or duty, which they impose upon us. It is generally through pusillanimity that the Christian fails to fulfil his high vocation: and pusillanimity is fed by inability to realize the fact of the call and the graces that accompany it. In the Abbé Nouvelle's fervent pages this defect is admirably counteracted.

Gerlac Petersen was a contemporary of à Kempis and acquainted with him and other holy writers and mystics of the fifteenth century. But his **Divine Soliloquies** (Longmans: 2s. 6d. net and 3s. 6d. net), which have been newly translated by "Monialis," fall far short of the *Imitation of Christ* in practical utility and spiritual insight, although their piety is manifest and their doctrine sound.

#### BIOGRAPHICAL.

M. Le Chanoine J. Vaudon has edited, with the title **Une Amé d'Epouse et de Mère** (Téqui: 3.50 fr.), the letters of a pious French lady, deprived by successive blows of her husband and her children, and pouring out her natural sorrow in correspondence with a friend. There is more than grief in these letters, there is faith and hope and genuine piety; and more than personal interests, for they comment on French affairs during the long years between 1891 and 1912, which bore so hardly on Catholicism. The Canon supplies biographical details, but we turn to the letters for the real revelation.

#### ANGLICAN WORKS.

The Anglican Canon Masterman is on sure ground when he contends in his little treatise on the Beatitudes—**Aspects of Christian Character**

(Longmans: 3s. 6d. net)—that the moral teaching of our Lord fits one not only for happiness hereafter but for peace and well-being here. For the Beatitudes are wholly opposed to selfishness, and it is from selfishness, undue regard and worship of self, that all human evils spring. The social implications of our Lord's doctrine are well developed in this little book.

The work of the Holy Spirit as the Sanctifier of the human soul is the subject of the Rev. Jesse Brett's **Divine Endowment** (Longmans: 5s. net). The author discusses each of the Seven Gifts, showing what wealth the Christian soul might possess if only it would co-operate with the Divine source of fruitfulness within it. *Si scires donum Dei!* The treatment of the subject and the authorities quoted are wholly Catholic.

In strong contrast with the foregoing excellent works is **The Teaching of the New Testament Concerning Divorce** (Williams and Norgate: 6s. net), by Archdeacon Charles of Westminster, a dignitary of the same Church, who comes forward in the twentieth century to put the world right in a matter which all generations of Christians have hitherto misunderstood! A more complete example of Protestant individualism and disregard for Christian tradition we have rarely met. The Archdeacon is a learned and reverent Scripture scholar, but he has no hesitation in suggesting interpolations in the texts in order to get rid of awkward phrases which are inconsistent with his theory that unchastity *ipso facto* dissolves the marriage bond. And he reckons so little of Christian tradition that he is ready to declare null and void from the beginning matrimonial contracts which "are due to some transitory attraction or to passing passion, or to sheer vanity, or to greed of gain or power, or to caprice, or to the mood of the moment in which men and women, disappointed of the love they sought, are caught in the rebound and married before they are conscious of their criminal folly" (p. 80). This surely is to out-Buckmaster Buckmaster, who would establish only five additional grounds for divorce! We already in July last<sup>1</sup> said what we thought of the Archdeacon's main theory: here we need only instance his book as the natural result of withdrawing the record of Christ's teaching from the guardianship and interpretation of Christ's Church. Here is a matter which lies at the very root of the social order, yet, according to Bishop Hensley Henson, "It [the Christian tradition] is a tradition importantly divided—one set of Christians claiming the authority of Jesus Christ, and another set of Christians taking another view, with the same sublime authority." If there is no infallible Church who is to decide between them? Archdeacon Charles?

The Rev. C. Beaufort Moss, in **The Body is One: an Introduction to the Problem of Christian Unity** (S.P.C.K.: 5s. net), owns that the Anglican Church for which he speaks has "no unity of belief in fundamentals" (130), and yet claims for that body a unique opportunity, denied to the Protestant and the Romanist (135), of converting the world. He sees that what is needed in Anglicanism "is a clear and authoritative statement of what is held to be essential, what is permissible, and what is forbidden" (133); yet he does not see, so dense is the fog induced by polemics, that his Church has not and has never claimed the power of deciding those important points. He has so keen a sense of what the Church ought to be—Christ's representative

<sup>1</sup> THE MONTH, p. 62.

on earth, teaching with His authority and administering His grace—that one wonders what mental kink prevents him from realizing that there is only one existing Church which claims and exercises the Christ-given prerogative of infallibility. Either that Church is the Church of Christ or His promise has finally and definitely failed. A diagram at the end of the book would seem to indicate that in the belief of the author the Church became "the Churches," i.e., altogether lost her essential unity, at the time of the Great Schism, 1054. Allowing for his "Anglican" reading and interpretation of history, and his consequent mistaken notion of Catholicism, the author, by his vigorous statement of the folly and futility of division, has done something to stimulate zeal for unity.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

Madame Forbes, whose pen seems tireless, had doubtless a labour of love in compiling her last book, **The Founding of a Northern University** (Sands: 6s. n.), for the early history of Aberdeen where the University was founded has much to say of members of her clan. Her title is not comprehensive enough, for she gives us a brief sketch of religious and social life in Scotland, both before and after the Reformation, and introduces much of general interest. The Founder was Bishop Elphinstone, who obtained his Bull from the Pope (Alexander VI.) in 1496. Madame Forbes has read widely on her subject, and quotes many quaint passages from ancient documents. She has produced a very interesting book, a faithful picture of a bygone day.

Limited as it is, both in subject and period, Miss Gertrude Craig Houston's degree-thesis—**The Evolution of the Historical Drama in Germany During the First Half of the Nineteenth Century** (Mullan and Son: 5s. net)—condenses a vast amount of research and erudition. The authoress traces the amount and source of foreign influences on the German Drama, and then estimates the extent of the native contribution. A very complete bibliography both of material and criticism, with chronological table, adds to the value of the study.

The Rev. O. H. Parry, M.A., an Anglican chaplain with the troops in Jerusalem in 1918, has published in literary form under the title **The Pilgrim in Jerusalem** (S.P.C.K.: 10s. net), the lectures on the Holy City which he was wont to give the soldiers, in book form, admirably illustrated by numerous delicate pen-and-ink sketches, which show a finished draughtsmanship, and equipped with excellent maps and plans. For his talks the author relied on his own observations and on judicious selections from the vast library of books on his subject. He has aimed at entire impartiality, both in his record of traditions and in his religious appeal, and his book may be warmly recommended both to the arm-chair traveller and to the real pilgrim.

A little book—**Character Training in the Wolf Cub Pack**, by Vera Barclay (Faith Press: 2s.)—hides between humble paper covers a treasure store of suggestion for every bewildered owner or guardian of a small boy. Miss Barclay has tested all her theories by the hard daily round and the commonest tasks; and the result is quiet, unconventional wisdom, fresh with insight and salted with humour. Parents and those interested in education will perhaps find it slightly anarchical in regard to many of their own educational airy nothings—but explosions clear the air!

During his lifetime and at his death, Karl Marx was confidently

spoken of by his many admirers as "the greatest brain of the age." Time has modified this verdict, but the man and his work are still potent in the world of to-day. The mischief which he instigated, and the evil against which, however mistakenly, he strove, are present with us now, in perhaps acuter forms than even he ever contemplated. The preacher of Class-war, the demolisher of Capitalism, would find much grim consolation in our modern Europe, and could claim the parentage of most of the ideas of contemporary revolutionaries. We are, therefore, glad to see that writers in Catholic countries are devoting themselves to the study and criticism of Marx. From Italy comes two recent works, *Carlo Marx*, by Francesco Olgiati, and *Il Materialismo Storico e il Socialismo*, by Dott. Carmelo Scalia. Both works are published by the Società Editrice Vita e Pensiero, Milan, at 9 lire and 8 lire respectively. Signor Olgiati's book is a biography of Marx, describing the development of his views in relation to their psychological and intellectual sources. It is a sympathetic study, and withal a telling criticism. We have no space to go into details; we will only say that in these 340 pages Signor Olgiati makes his subject live; the baptized but unrecanting Jew, the revolutionary firebrand of provincial journalism, the indefatigable student and writer, the courageous struggler against poverty, exile, and much other adversity—it was a character with not a few elements of greatness, ruined by pride and an irreligious philosophy. Dr. Scalia's work is on a larger scale than that of Signor Olgiati's, and is a very thorough investigation of the philosophical principles of Marx and A. Loria. The author is to be congratulated on a work so careful, methodical, and scholarly. There is a very useful Glossary of Marrian terms, occupying ten pages at the end of the volume.

Another Italian work—*La Fisica dei Corpuscoli*, by Father G. Giannfranceschi, S.J. (Fratelli Bocca: 15 lire)—is a history of the theory of the constitution of bodies from the earliest times down to the present day. Modern speculations are treated briefly but clearly, and in such a way as to bring them within the comprehension of the lay mind. The author does not take too much for granted, and, although parts of the work are necessarily somewhat technical, the main phenomena and the general outlines of the various theories are set forth in plain and simple language. The work may be recommended, as showing how the findings of recent science may be harmonized with traditional Catholic Philosophy.

In editing the *Cambridge Readings in Spanish Literature* (University Press: 10s. net), Mr. Fitzmaurice Kelly has rendered yet another service to lovers of that language. The extracts from fifty-three authors, carefully selected, and presented in the original Spanish, are preceded by short explanatory notes, in part biographical, in part critical. The ground covered is enormous, extending from Diez de Gama's *Corónica de Don Pero Niño* of the early fifteenth century down to present-day writers such as Blasco Ibañez and Jimenez. The most numerous extracts are necessarily and rightly from the golden age of Spanish literature, the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. The Spain of Charles V. and of the three Philips was not only intensely national but also intensely Catholic; it is not, then, surprising that some of her writers, who in their mode of thought and expression were most typical of the race, should be found amongst her saints and her mystics.

So there appear in this book of readings, side by side with the names of Cervantes, Lope de Vega, and Diego Hurtado de Mendoza, those of Saint Teresa, Saint John of the Cross, and the Jesuit historian Mariana. Of no less interest are the extracts chosen from the writings of authors less known outside their own country, amongst whom we may mention particularly the Augustinian, Fray Luis de León, the Franciscan, Juan de los Angeles, and Miguel Sanchez, to whom we are indebted for the beautiful poem, "Canción á Cristo Crucificado." The book has eight aptly chosen illustrations.

The essay which the Rev. Stephen J. Brown, S.J., has written under the title **The Realm of Poetry: an Introduction** (Harrap and Co.: 5s. net) is the work of a whole-hearted lover of literature who has read widely in his favourite subject and reflected deeply on what he has read. The result is a very readable and stimulating volume, well-calculated to impart to the beginner a certain interest in poetic literature, and at the same time to equip him with the means of properly developing his literary taste. "Appreciation," Father Brown rightly says, "must grow out of knowledge and understanding." Therefore he sets himself, though in no pedagogic fashion, to explain the essence of poetry, to prove its practical value, and to show how a taste for it may be cultivated. The treatment throughout is aptly illustrated by quotations from English writers (for the author confines his survey to English literature) and is abundantly documented. A further service is rendered to teachers who may wish to use the book by very copious bibliographies, general and special.

As the industry of Lecky produced a "History of Rationalism in Europe," a work marred by the author's inadequate acquaintance with the intellectual history of Christianity, so it is now the object of a group of Catholic scholars to write in successive monographs an account of the development of Catholic thought from the dawn of the Christian era, and this series—called **Catholic Thought and Thinkers**—has been started by Father C. C. Martindale in a volume styled **Introductory** (Harding and More: 5s. net). In five chapters the author surveys the interplay between orthodoxy and heterodoxy during five distinct periods of Church history—from the beginning to the death of Origen (254), from Origen to the death of Augustine (430), from the Sack of Rome (476) to the decline of the Middle Age (1303), thence to the Revolution (1789), and, finally, in the Modern Era. Thus the framework is erected in which the various great Catholic thinkers will find their respective places, showing the continuity of Christian tradition and its orderly process of development. But Father Martindale's work is more than a framework: brilliant little pen pictures of the leaders of Christian thought, illuminating *aperçus* of their historical surroundings, apt summaries of the inheritance and legacy of each epoch, make the book exceedingly interesting, and will make, we hope, the public for which the series is designed eager for its speedy and regular appearance.

#### MINOR PUBLICATIONS.

We have to notice six of the fortnightly issues of the **Catholic Mind** (America Press: 5 cents each) from October 22, 1920, to January 8, 1921. The October issue has a valuable paper by Father Hull showing how Protestant prejudice colours and vitiates all Protestant history. In

the November 8th issue is reprinted Father Gannon's discussion of the ethical aspect of the hunger-strike, an extract from Erskine Childers' "Military Rule in Ireland," and a summary of the reasons of the Church's condemnation of Masonry. November 22nd reissues the historic arraignment of the British Government in Ireland sent forth by the Irish Bishops from Maynooth on October 19, 1920, which, however resented or ignored by public opinion here, stands in the eyes of the non-British world on the same level as Cardinal Mercier's great war-pastorals. It also contains a useful paper on the problem of penal and deterrent imprisonment. The next issue prints a stirring exhortation of Dr. Peter Guilday in support of "The Catholic Information League" of Philadelphia, and a summary of the Pope's Encyclical on St. Jerome's Fifteenth Centenary. The last number for 1920, December 22nd, is mainly devoted to papers celebrating the Birth of Christ, but also contains an exposure of the intolerance of the Mayflower "heroes." Finally, in the number for January 8th we are given the letter of sympathy in their grievous trials sent by the Belgian Hierarchy to the bishops and people of Ireland, and a masterly assertion of Papal Infallibility by Bishop Corbett of Crookston.

To say that the universe manifestly has a purpose is not to claim detailed understanding of that purpose. We see enough intelligence, which consists in the adaptation of means to ends, in the working of Nature to conclude that Nature as a whole is adapted to an end outside itself. Canon V. F. Storr, in *The Argument from Design*, (Longmans: 2s. net), labours under the disadvantage of unacquaintance with Catholic Natural Theology, and, though he clearly sees what may be urged against popular statements of the doctrine of Creation, does not know that these difficulties have long ago been discussed and solved in the schools. His booklet, however, is worth reading, as showing the disadvantage moderns labour under in having no consistent philosophy.

In *The Ship that was Peter's* (C.T.S.: 2d.), the Church herself is put forward as the object of the Act of Faith, so that no one who does not believe that the Church exists as Christ founded it has the Faith. The argument is addressed mainly to "Anglo-Catholics," whose sole remaining heresy is often a wrong notion of the Church.

The Rev. L. I. Walker, S.J., author of a widely-known book on Reunion, devotes, in *Our Separated Brethren: a Plea for Sympathy* (C.T.S.: 2d.), a few pages to an exposition of the "Anglo-Catholic" position, showing that it is sincere and zealous for the most part, and worthy of kind and patient consideration on our side. The C.T.S. also reprints at 2d. Mr. E. Eyre's impressive paper on *Catholic Defensive and Progressive Organization*.

Mr. Edward Ballasis has arranged his notes on the *Mediterranean Voyage of J. H. Newman and R. H. Froude* (Hicks, Birmingham) for lantern slides, but the booklet does not say where or how the slides are to be procured.

The Ave Maria Press reprints from contemporary documents, in a small pamphlet, *A Case of Demoniacaal Possession* which occurred in Luxembourg and was cured by exorcism in 1842, and which may serve as a warning to those who dabble recklessly in Spiritualism.

## BOOKS RECEIVED

(Reviewed in present issue or reserved for future notice.)

### AMERICA PRESS, New York.

*The Catholic Mind.* Vol. XIX. Nos. 2 and 3.

### AVE MARIA PRESS, Indiana.

*A Case of Demoniacal Possession.* Pp. 32.

### BLACKWELL, Oxford.

*Greek History.* By E. M. Walker. Pp. 165. Price, 3s. 6d. net.

### BROWNE & NOLAN, Dublin.

*The Gregorian Melodies.* By Rev. D. J. O'Doherty. Pp. 28. Price, 1s.

### BURNS, OATES & WASHBOURNE, London.

*The Macedonian Tetralogy of Euripedes.* Edited by R. J. Walker. Pp. 137. Price, 12s. 6d. net. *Euripedian Fragments.* Emended by R. J. Walker. Pp. 52. Price, 7s. 6d. net.

### CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY, London.

Several Twopenny Pamphlets.

### GABALDA, Paris.

*La Vie Catholique.* By A. D. Ser-tillanges. Pp. 296. Price, 8.00 fr. net.

### HARDING & MORE, London.

*Catholic Thought and Thinkers: Introductory.* By C. C. Mardale, S.J. Pp. 160. Price, 5s. *The Tree of Life, and Other Poems.* By A. V. Phillips. Pp. 80. Price, 3s. 6d. *Ethics: General and Special.* By Owen A. Hull, S.J. Pp. xiv. 414. Price, 21s.

### HARRAP & CO., London.

*The Realm of Poetry.* By S. J. Brown, S.J. Pp. 220. Price, 5s. net.

### HEFFER, Cambridge.

*Christianity and International Morality.* By E. H. F. Campbell, M.A. Pp. xii. 7s. Price, 3s. net. *The Voice of the Layman.* By Rev. P. T. C. Crick. Pp. ix. 7s. Price, 3s. net.

### LETHIEELLEUX, Paris.

*La Philosophie Moderne.* By Gaston Sortais, S.J. Tome I. Pp. x. 592. Price, 20.00 fr.

### LONGMANS, London.

*The Political Aspects of St. Augustine's "City of God."* By J. N. Figgis. Pp. 132. Price, 7s. 6d. net.

### MAME ET FILS, Tours.

*Les Jésuites morts pour la France.* Pp. 301. Price, 12.00 fr.

### PROCURE GÉNÉRALE, Paris.

*La Loi Sociale du Travail.* By A. Lugan. Pp. 116. Price, 3.00 fr.

### PUSTET, Cologne.

*Die Opferanschauungen der römischen Messliturgie.* By J. Kramp, S.J. Pp. 120. Price, 7 marks.

### SOTHERAN & CO., London.

*Bibliotheca Chemico - Mathematica.* Composed by H. Z. and H. C. S. 2 Vols. Pp. xii. 964.

### S.P.C.K., London.

*Life of Otto, Apostle of Pomerania.* Edited by C. H. Robinson, D.D. Pp. 193. Price, 8s. 6d. net.

### SOCIETY OF SS. PETER AND PAUL, London.

*The Origin and Growth of the English Parish.* By O. J. Reichel, M.A. Pp. 27. Price, 1s. 6d.

### VATICAN PRESS, Rome.

*Miscellanea Geronimiana.* Pp. viii. 331.

### WESTMINSTER CATHEDRAL CHRONICLE, London.

*The Cardinal's Stocking, and Who called the Priest?* Price, 2d.

### WILLIAMS & NORGATE, London.

*The Teaching of the New Testament on Divorce.* By the Rev. R. H. Charles, D.D. Pp. xiii. 125. Price, 6s. *History of Sacraments in Relation to Thought and Progress.* By Alice Gardner. Pp. viii. 190. Price, 6s. net.

